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200

TRAVELS,

CHIEFLY ON FOOT,

THROUGH

SEVERAL PARTS OF ENGLAND,

IN

1782.

DESCRIBED

IN LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY CHARLES P. MORITZ,

A LITERARY GENTLEMAN OF BERLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY A LADY.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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1797.

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PREFACE,

By the EDITOR.

ONE of the moſt diſtinguiſhing features in the literary hiſtory of our age and country, is the paſsion of the public for voyages and travels. Of the books that have lately been publiſhed, there are none, novels alone excepted, that, in point of number, bear any proportion to them. A ſpot on the globe can hardly be named, whither ſome of our adventurous countrymen have not penetrated, and with a public ſpirit, and a degree of benevolence hardly inferior to their courage, what they have ſeen, they have publiſhed. Firſt encouraged and promoted by royal munificence, it is equally to the credit of the

Sovereign and his ſubjects, that both travelling, and the writing of travels, have become faſhionable; and the prevailing objects of the public taſte. Such has been our national partiality to travellers and travelling, that there are inſtances of enterpriſing and benevolent men, who have viſited foreign countries, merely that they might inform their countrymen what they heard and ſaw: nay, ſome have been ſo anxious to gratify this national curioſity, that more than one well-received and uſeful book of travels might be named, written by perſons who never were travellers.

A ſimilar taſte actuated the people of France, as long as they continued to be a civilized people. Our rivals in every thing, they alſo were the only people, who had any pretentions to vie with us either as travellers, or the writers of travels.

travels. But, it is not mere national vanity to say, that the English, now at least, far excel the French both in the quantity and quality, of their books of travels. It does not seem difficult to account for this. The French, in general, are so well satisfied with themselves, that, where no political interests intervene, they are seldom much interested about any other people: and they travel and write their travels, not so much with any view of improving themselves, or their countrymen, as to be gratified by an opportunity of displaying their superiority to all other nations. It is fair to suppose also, that, like most other nations, they really have less curiosity, than has always marked the character of Englishmen. Still, it needs neither to be denied or concealed, that many Frenchmen have been great travellers, and have also published

many valuable books of travels. It is remarkable, however, that whilſt many Britons, who have rambled but a few weeks in France, have been ſo obliging on their return as to favour their countrymen with a full and true account of all that they had heard and ſeen during their peregrinations, hardly any Frenchman has even given any account (and certainly not any good account) of theſe kingdoms. If Frenchmen who, more than any other nation, viſited England, have ſeldom thought it worth their while to tell the world what they thought of us and our country, it was ſtill leſs to be expected from the inhabitants of other countries; who, if not leſs in the habit of travelling, are certainly leſs in the habit of publiſhing their travels.

It may ſeem, perhaps, to abate a little of that ſtrong idea of French vanity, with

with which it is hardly poſsible for Engliſhmen not to be impreſſed, to own, as impartiality requires we ſhould, that the accounts which natives of France have given of their own kingdom do not, probably, much exceed thoſe given of it by natives of Great-Britain, either in minuteneſs or accuracy, or even in number. Theſe tours into France, however, or any other foreign tours, bear no proportion to the almoſt countleſs number of excurſions and deſcriptions, given not only of our iſland in general, but of almoſt every particular part of it, by Britons. So copious indeed are theſe publications, that the valetudinarian, or the inactive man, may now, at his eaſe, obtain full and exact information of every place, and every circumſtance relative to our local hiſtory, without ſtirring from his own fire-ſide.

It is natural for every man to be partial to that country which he has the happineſs to call his own: and for a native of this favoured land, not to be conſcious of its ſuperior value is ſomething worſe than ſtupidity. Still, however, it is neceſſary, proper, and deſirable for the people of any country not to form their judgments of themſelves entirely by their own obſervations; but to learn and know what opinions and what judgments are formed of them by perſons, who cannot be ſuſpected of being under any undue bias. It is particularly proper for Engliſhmen, who have ſo long allowed themſelves the great liberty of giving their unreſerved opinions of others. But, amidſt all our ſtores of domeſtic, as well as travelling anecdotes, ſuch a view of England ſeems to be ſtill a deſideratum.

That the humble volume now ſubmitted,

mitted, with all poſsible deference to the candour of the Engliſh nation, in an Engliſh dreſs, will fill up this gap in the literary hiſtory of the times, it might perhaps be deemed preſumption confidently to ſuppoſe. All that the Editor of it ventures to hint on the ſubject, is, that it contributes ſomething towards it: and that though this haſty ſketch of our metropolis, and this ſhort tour through a part of our kingdom by a Foreigner, be far enough from being ſuch an one as he could have wiſhed to have brought forward, and would have brought forward, had there been a choice, it is the only one of the kind of a recent date, that he has happened to ſee. And though he is aware, that its contents are not of a nature likely to command a very general attention, and certainly not ſuch as a profeſſed book-maker, in the habit of

catering for the public taſte, would have provided, yet is it not without merit, and merit of a kind particularly entitled to the reſpect of Engliſhmen.

Beſides the more obvious advantages likely to reſult from our occaſionally liſtening to the remarks and opinions of other travellers, than thoſe alone of France and our own country, it might not perhaps be without its uſe ſometimes to conſult them, if it were only on the ſcore of compoſition. There is a manner of thinking, and a ſtile of writing, peculiar to every nation. An Engliſhman, for inſtance, would no more think of deſcribing a country, or a people, with the minute prolixity of Germans in general, than he would of criticiſing a work of taſte with the phlegm of a Dutch commentator, or with the elaborate and cloſe preciſion of an argument on a theological

theological theſis. Yet whilſt we thus confine ourſelves entirely to our own modes, it is poſsible we may overlook many little latent improprieties in our writings, to which cuſtom now reconciles us; but which, it is probable, would be apparent to us, by being compared with the ſimilar writings of a different nation. By bringing our writings to this teſt, we ſhould learn perhaps, that though we do already excel, we may yet be more excellent. That, in general, our books of travels are ſuperior to thoſe of moſt other people, will be conteſted by no competent judges; but, it by no means follows, that we have attained the acme of perfection in this ſpecies of writing. One glaring error into which our writers of travels, as well as the writers of hiſtory, have fallen, the Editor hopes to be pardoned for mentioning; becauſe, as

he is neither a traveller, nor an author, he cannot well be ſuſpected of being prompted either by jealouſy or by envy. It is no longer ſufficient, that a book is inſtructive and uſeful, it muſt alſo be entertaining: and hence, books of travels might be named, and hiſtories too, written ſo much in the manner and character of novels, as actually to have become ſtock-books on the ſhelves of circulating libraries. There cannot be a more degrading condeſcenſion, than it is for writers of abilities thus meanly to flatter a falſe taſte. From this fault at leaſt, the volume now preſented to the public, is exempt. Our German does not deal in the marvellous; neither does he affect to be ſentimental. On a fine proſpect, it is to be owned, he loves to dwell, and deſcribe, with ſome degree of rapture; but he does not bewilder either himſelf,

or

or his readers in the fairey ſcenes of pictureſque beauty. His matter is not always highly important, yet is it never beneath the notice of even a wiſe man; for, though we may perhaps but rarely admire his genius, we cannot but reſpect his good ſenſe.

Conſidering to how many richer feaſts of the kind we have lately been invited, that ſome of the firſt rate geniuſes of our age have traverſed our kingdom, as it were, on purpoſe to deſcribe it, and that, as if their own immediate communications were not ſufficiently alluring, their works have been ſtill farther ſet off by all the charms that the elegant art of engraving can give them, it may ſeem little leſs than preſumption to hope, that the wanderings on foot of a poor, obſcure, German paſtor, from London into Derbyſhire, will attract many readers. It

ſhould

ſhould be remembered, however, that good ſenſe belongs excluſively to no age, profeſſion or ſtation; and that good ſenſe, when accompanied by good nature, will always be ſure to engage attention. Both theſe qualities our traveller will be found to poſſeſs, in no ordinary degree. Even when he is miſtaken, he appears to be an intelligent man; and ſo candid and mild, that even indignities have not provoked him to uſe a ſingle ſharp expreſſion.

The work is ſaid to have been well received at Berlin, and in Germany in general; a circumſtance by no means beneath the notice of Britiſh readers. For, it may deſerve to be reflected on, whether this may not be one of the caſes, in which Foreigners are as likely to form a fair eſtimate of a work, as we are. If they are not ſo well acquainted with the ſubjects of which it treats, they are alſo leſs

to

to be ſuſpected of prejudice. Still, however, it is admitted, that, without any impeachment of their judgments on either ſide, thoſe parts may be deemed of moſt value to a German, which an Engliſhman thinks of the leaſt. To the former, for inſtance, it may be of ſome moment to know what reception Foreigners of all deſcriptions are likely to meet with in England: but, what Engliſhman can be very anxious to know, how the landlords and landladies of low ale-houſes deport themſelves towards an itinerant Foreigner, of perhaps no very promiſing appearance? And an attentive obſerver of human nature, whatever be his country or ſituation, will not be diſpleaſed to ſee men and things in ſcenes and circumſtances which have hitherto eſcaped his notice, only, becauſe they are common. If ſome of the incidents here related be,

after

after all, confeſſedly inſignificant, or even palpably erroneous, ſtill it may not be without its uſe for us to reflect, that were many of our writers of travels, who have juſtly acquired no ordinary celebrity among us, to be tried and judged of by perſons in the countries which they have deſcribed, it is more than probable, that many of their accounts of things, which have been admired in England, would there be rejected as frivolous or falſe. It is obvious to remark, that any opinions formed by an haſty traveller, who tarrieth but a day, muſt needs be formed at much hazard. When therefore the candid reader may find himſelf ſometimes tempted to ſmile at the ſimplicity of this good-natured German, whoſe haſty opinions of our people and our country could not but be oftentimes crude and inaccurate, let him alſo be juſt enough to reflect, that

that ſuch muſt be the caſe alſo with ſenſible foreigners, when they read our books of travels into their countries.

All that the Editor preſumes farther to add, is, that the tranſlation is the firſt performance of the kind of a very young lady; whoſe name, if it had been thought proper to mention it, would be indifferent to no lover of ſound and deep learning, and exemplary piety. It is her pride, and her conſolation, to be one of the daughters of a venerable man, who is mentioned with all the reſpect due to him in the enſuing letters. And, young as ſhe is, this is not the firſt time ſhe has ſolicited and obtained Britiſh patronage, and Britiſh protection. And now, with all the diffidence natural to her ſex and her years, ſhe entreats, that this her maiden eſſay in literature may be received as a tender of her heart-felt gratitude. The

JANUARY Editor

Editor has reviſed the tranſlation, which, though far from being ſervile, or even always literal, he thinks ſufficiently faithful. Some little ſtiffneſſes, it is poſsible, may ſtill remain: but it has been the aim of the tranſlator, without departing from the ſenſe of the author, to expreſs that ſenſe in ſuch a way as ſhe ſuppoſed her author would have done, had he been of London, rather than of Berlin. And this aim ſhe ſeems, in general, very happily to have accompliſhed.

TRAVELS,

TRAVELS,

&c. &c.

On the Thames, 31ſt May.

AT length, my deareſt Gedike, I find myſelf ſafely landed on the happy ſhores of that country, a ſight of which has, for many years, been my moſt earneſt wiſh; and whither I have ſo often, in imagination, tranſported myſelf. A few hours ago, the green hills of England yet ſwam imperfectly before our eyes, ſcarcely perceptible in the diſtant horizon: they now unfold themſelves on either ſide, forming as it were a double Amphitheatre. The ſun burſts through the clouds, and gilds alternately the ſhrubs, and meadows, on the diſtant ſhores: and we now eſpy the tops of two maſts of ſhips juſt peeping above the ſurface of the deep.—What an aweful warning to adventurous men! We now ſail

 cloſe

cloſe by thoſe very ſands, *(the Goodwin)* where ſo many unfortunate perſons have found their graves.

The ſhores now regularly draw nearer to each other: the danger of the voyage is over; and the ſeaſon for enjoyment, unembittered by cares, commences. How do we feel ourſelves, we, who have long been wandering, as it were, in a boundleſs ſpace, on having once more gained proſpects, that are not without limits! I ſhould imagine, our ſenſations are ſomewhat like thoſe of the traveller, who traverſes the immeaſurable deſerts of America, when fortunately he obtains an hut wherein to ſhelter himſelf; in thoſe moments he certainly enjoys himſelf; nor does he then complain of its being too ſmall. It is indeed the lot of man to be always circumſcribed to a narrow ſpace; even when he wanders over the moſt extenſive regions; even when the huge ſea envelopes him all around, and wraps him cloſe to its boſom, in the act, as it were, of ſwallowing him up in a moment: ſtill he is ſeparated, from all the circumjacent immenſity of ſpace only by one ſmall part, or inſignificant portion, of that immenſity.

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That portion of this ſpace, which I now ſee ſurrounding me, is a moſt delightful ſelection from the whole of beautiful nature. Here is the *Thames* full of large and ſmall ſhips, and boats, diſperſed here and there, which are either ſailing on with us, or lying at anchor; and there the hills on either ſide, clad with ſo ſoft, and mild a green, as I have no where elſe ever ſeen equalled. The charming banks of the *Elbe*, which I ſo lately quitted, are as much ſurpaſſed by theſe ſhores, as autumn is by ſpring! I ſee every where nothing but fertile and cultivated lands; and thoſe living hedges which in England, more than in any other country, form the boundaries of the green corn-fields, and give to the whole of the diſtant country, the appearance of a large and majeſtic garden. The neat villages and ſmall towns, with ſundry intermediate country ſeats, ſuggeſt ideas of proſperity and opulence, which it is not poſſible to deſcribe.

The proſpect towards Graveſend is particularly beautiful. It is a clever little town, built on the ſide of an hill; about which there lie hill and dale, and meadows, and arable land, intermixed with pleaſure grounds and

country ſeats; all diverſified in the moſt agreeable manner. On one of the higheſt of theſe hills near Gravefend ſtands a wind-mill, which is a very good object, as you ſee it at ſome diſtance, as well as part of the country around it, on the windings of the Thames. But as few human pleaſures are ever complete and perfect, we too, amidſt the pleaſing contemplation of all theſe beauties, found ourſelves expoſed, on the quarter-deck, to uncommonly cold and piercing weather. An unintermitting violent ſhower of rain has driven me into the cabin; where I am now endeavouring to divert a gloomy hour, by giving you the deſcription of a pleaſing one.

London,

London, 2d June.

THIS morning thoſe of us who were fellow paſſengers together in the great cabin, being ſix in number, requeſted to be ſet on ſhore, in a boat, a little before the veſſel got to Dartford, which is ſtill ſixteen miles from London. This expedient is generally adopted, inſtead of going up the Thames, towards London; where, on account of the aſtoniſhing number of ſhips, which are always more crouded together the nearer you approach the city, it frequently requires many days before a ſhip can finiſh her paſſage. He therefore who wiſhes to loſe no time unneceſſarily, and wiſhes alſo to avoid other inconveniences, ſuch as frequent ſtoppages, and, perhaps, ſome alarming daſhings againſt other ſhips, prefers travelling thoſe few miles by land in a poſt chaiſe, which is not very expenſive, eſpecially when three join together, as three paſſengers pay no more than one. This indulgence is allowed by Act of Parliament.

As we left the veſſel we were honoured with a general huzza, or, in the Engliſh phraſe, with *three cheers*, echoed from the

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German ſailors of our ſhip. This nautical ſtyle of bidding their friends farewel our Germans have learned from the Engliſh. The cliff where we landed was white and chalky, and as the diſtance was not great, nor other means of conveyance at hand, we reſolved to go on foot to Dartford; immediately on landing we had a pretty ſteep hill to climb, and, that gained, we arrived at the firſt Engliſh village, where an uncommon neatneſs in the ſtructure of the houſes, which in general are built with red bricks, and flat roofs, ſtruck me with a pleaſing ſurprize, eſpecially when I compared them with the long, rambling, inconvenient, and ſingularly mean cottages of our peaſants. We now continued our way through the different villages, each furniſhed with his ſtaff; and thus exhibited no remote reſemblance of a caravan. Some few people who met us ſeemed to ſtare at us, ſtruck, perhaps, by the ſingularity of our dreſs, or the peculiarity of our manner of travelling. On our route we paſſed a wood where a troop of gypſies had taken up their abode, around a fire, under a tree. The country, as we continued to advance, became more and more beautiful. Naturally, perhaps,

perhaps, the earth is every where pretty much alike, but how different is it rendered by art! How different is that on which I now tread from ours, and every other ſpot I have ever ſeen.—The ſoil is rich even to exuberance, the verdure of the trees and hedges, in ſhort the whole of this paradiſaical region is without a parallel! The roads too are incomparable; I am aſtoniſhed how they have got them ſo firm and ſolid; every ſtep I took I felt, and was conſcious, it was Engliſh ground on which I trod.

We breakfaſted at Dartford. Here, for the firſt time, I ſaw an Engliſh ſoldier, in his red uniform, his hair cut ſhort and combed back on his forehead, ſo as to afford a full view of his fine broad manly face. Here too I firſt ſaw (what I deemed a true Engliſh ſight) in the ſtreet, two boys boxing.

Our little party now ſeparated, and got into two poſt-chaiſes, each of which hold three perſons, though it muſt be owned three cannot ſit quite ſo commodiouſly in theſe chaiſes as two; the hire of a poſt chaiſe is a ſhilling for every Engliſh mile. They may be compared to our extra poſts, becauſe they are to be had at all times. But theſe carriages are

very neat and lightly built, ſo that you hardly perceive their motion, as they roll along theſe firm ſmooth roads; they have windows in front, and on both ſides. The horſes are generally good, and the poſtillions particularly ſmart and active, and always ride on a full trot. The one we had wore his hair cut ſhort, a round hat, and a brown jacket, of tolerable fine cloth, with a noſegay in his boſom. Now and then, when he drove very hard, he looked round, and with a ſmile ſeemed to ſolicit our approbation. A thouſand charming ſpots, and beautiful landſcapes, on which my eye would long have dwelt with rapture, were now rapidly paſſed with the ſpeed of an arrow.

Our road appeared to be undulatory; and our journey, like the journey of life, ſeemed to be a pretty regular alternation of up hill and down, and here and there it was diverſified with copſes and woods; the majeſtic Thames, every now and then, like a little foreſt of maſts, riſing to our view, and anon loſing itſelf among the delightful towns and villages. The amazing large ſigns which, at the entrance of villages, hang in the middle of the ſtreet, being faſtened to large beams, which

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are extended acroſs the ſtreet from one houſe to another oppoſite to it, particularly ſtruck me; theſe ſign poſts have the appearance of gates, or of gateways, for which I at firſt took them, but the whole apparatus, unneceſſarily large as it ſeems to be, is intended for nothing more than to tell the inquiſitive traveller that there is an inn. At length, ſtunned at it were by this conſtant rapid ſucceſſion of intereſting objects to engage our attention, we arrived at Greenwich nearly in a ſtate of ſtupefaction.

The Proſpect of London.

We firſt deſcry'd it enveloped in a thick ſmoke, or fog. St. Paul's aroſe, like ſome huge mountain, above the enormous maſs of ſmaller buildings. The monument, a very lofty column erected in memory of the great fire of London, exhibited to us, perhaps, chiefly on account of its immenſe height, apparently ſo diſproportioned to its other dimenſion (for it actually ſtruck us as reſembling rather a ſlender maſt, towering up in immeaſurable height into the clouds, than as what it really is, a ſtately obeliſk) an unuſual and ſingular appearance. Still we went on,

At length we arrived at the magnificent bridge of Weſtminſter. The proſpect from this bridge alone ſeems to afford one, the epitome of a journey, or a voyage in miniature, as containing ſomething of every thing that moſt uſually occurs on a journey. It is a little aſſemblage of contraſts and contrarieties. In contraſt to the round, modern, and majeſtic Cathedral of St. Paul's, on your right, the venerable, old-faſhioned, and hugely noble, long, Abbey of Weſtminſter, with its enormous pointed roof, riſes on the left. Down the Thames, to the right, you ſee Blackfriar's Bridge, which does not yield much, if at all, in beauty, to that of Weſtminſter; on the left bank of the Thames are delightful terraces, planted with trees, and thoſe new taſteful buildings, called the Adelphi. On the Thames itſelf are countleſs ſwarms of little boats paſſing and repaſſing, many with one maſt and one ſail, and many with none, in which perſons of all ranks are carried over. Thus, there is hardly leſs ſtir and buſtle on this river, than there is in ſome of its own London's crouded ſtreets. Here, indeed, you no longer ſee great ſhips, for they come no farther than London-Bridge.

We now drove into the City, by Charing-Croſs, and along the Strand, to thoſe very Adelphi Buildings, which had juſt afforded us ſo charming a proſpect, on Weſtminſter-Bridge.

My two travelling companions, both in the ſhip and in the poſt chaiſe, were two young Engliſhmen, who living in this part of the town, obligingly offered me any aſſiſtance and ſervices in their power; and, in particular, to procure me a lodging the ſame day in their neighbourhood.

In the ſtreets through which we paſſed, I muſt own, the houſes in general ſtruck me as if they were dark and gloomy; and yet, at the ſame time, they alſo ſtruck me as prodigiouſly great, and majeſtic. At that moment I could not, in my own mind, compare the external view of London with that of any other city I had ever before ſeen. But I remember, (and ſurely, it is ſingular) that about five years ago, on my firſt entrance into Leipzig, I had the very ſame ſenſations I now felt. It is poſſible, that the high houſes by which the ſtreets at Leipzig are partly darkened, the great number of ſhops, and the croud of people, ſuch as till then I had never ſeen, might

might have ſome faint reſemblance with the ſcene now ſurrounding me in London.

There are every where leading from the Strand to the Thames ſome well-built, leſſer, or ſubordinate ſtreets, of which the Adelphi-Buildings are now, by far, the foremoſt. One diſtrict in this neighbourhood goes by the name of York-Buildings; and in this lies George-ſtreet, where my two travelling companions lived. There reigns in thoſe ſmaller ſtreets, towards the Thames, ſo pleaſing a calm, compared to the tumult and buſtle of people, and carriages, and horſes, that are conſtantly going up and down the Strand, that in going into one of them you can hardly help fancying yourſelf removed at a diſtance from the noiſe of the City, even whilſt the noiſieſt part of it is ſtill ſo near at hand.

It might be about ten or eleven o'clock when we arrived here. After the two Engliſhmen had firſt given me ſome breakfaſt, at their lodgings, which conſiſted of tea and bread and butter, they went about with me themſelves, in their own neighbourhood, in ſearch of an apartment, which they at length procured for me, for ſixteen ſhillings a week, at the houſe of a taylor's widow, who

lived

lived oppoſite to them. It was very fortunate, on other accounts, that they went with me, for, equipped as I was, having neither brought clean linen, nor change of cloaths from my trunk, I might, perhaps have found it difficult to obtain good lodgings.

It was a very uncommon, but pleaſing ſenſation I experienced, on being now, for the firſt time in my life, entirely among Engliſhmen; among people whoſe language was foreign, their manners foreign, and in a foreign climate, with whom, notwithſtanding, I could converſe as familiarly as though we had been educated together from our infancy. It is certainly an ineſtimable advantage to underſtand the language of the country through which you travel. I did not at firſt give the people I was with any reaſon to ſuſpect I could ſpeak Engliſh; but I ſoon found that the more I ſpoke, the more attention and regard I met with. I now occupy a large room in front on the ground floor, which has a carpet and matts, and is very neatly furniſhed; the chairs are covered with leather, and the tables are of mahogany. Adjoining to this I have another large room. I may do juſt as I pleaſe, and keep my own tea, coffee, bread and

and butter; for which purpose my landlady has given me a cupboard in my room, which locks up.

The family consists of the mistress of the house, her maid and her two sons, *Jacky* and *Jerry*; singular abbreviations for *John* and *Jeremiah*. The eldest, Jacky, about twelve years old, is a very lively boy, and often entertains me in the most pleasing manner, by relating to me his different employments at school; and afterwards desiring me, in my turn, to relate to him all manner of things about Germany. He repeats his *amo*, *amas*, *amavi*, in the same singing tone as our common school-boys. As I happened once, when he was by, to hum a lively tune, he stared at me with surprize, and then reminded me it was Sunday; and so, that I might not forfeit his good opinion, by any appearance of levity, I gave him to understand, that in the hurry of my journey, I had forgotten the day. He has already shewn me St. James's Park, which is not far from hence; and now let me give you some description of the renowned

St. James's Park.

This Park is nothing more than a semi-

circle,

circle, formed of an alley of trees, which encloſe a large green area, in the middle of which is a marſhy pond.

The cows feed on this green turf, and their milk is ſold here on the ſpot, quite new.

In all the alleys, or walks, there are benches, where you may reſt yourſelf. When you come through the Horſe-Guards (which is provided with ſeveral paſſages) into the Park, on the right hand is St. James's Palace, or the King's place of reſidence, one of the meaneſt publick buildings in London. At the lower end, quite at the extremity, is the Queen's Palace, an handſome and modern building, but very much reſembling a private houſe. As for the reſt, there are generally every where about St. James's Park very good houſes, which is a great addition to it. There is alſo before the ſemicircle of the trees juſt mentioned, a large vacant ſpace, where the ſoldiers are exerciſed.

How little this famous park is to be compared with our park at Berlin I need not mention. And yet one cannot but form an high idea of St. James's Park, and other public places in London; this ariſes, perhaps, from their having been oftener mentioned in

romances

romances and other books than ours have. Even the ſquares and ſtreets of London are more noted, and better known, than many of our principal towns.

But what again greatly compenſates for the mediocrity of this park, is the aſtoniſhing number of people who, towards evening, in fine weather, reſort here; our fineſt walks are never ſo full even in the midſt of ſummer. The exquiſite pleaſure of mixing freely with ſuch a concourſe of people, who are for the moſt part well dreſſed and handſome, I have experienced this evening for the firſt time.

Before I went to the park I took another walk with my little *Jacky*, which did not coſt me much fatigue, and yet was moſt uncommonly intereſting. I went down the little ſtreet in which I live to the Thames; nearly at the end of it, towards the left, a few ſteps led me to a ſingularly pretty terrace, planted with trees, on the very brink of the river.

Here I had the moſt delightful proſpect you can poſſibly imagine. Before me was the Thames with all its windings, and the ſtately arches of its bridges; Weſtminſter with its venerable Abbey to the right, to the left again London, with St. Paul's, ſeemed to

wind all along the windings of the Thames; and on the other ſide of the water lay Southwark, which is now alſo conſidered as part of London. Thus, from this ſingle ſpot, I could nearly, at one view, ſee the whole City, at leaſt that ſide of it towards the Thames. Not far from hence, in this charming quarter of the town, lived the renowned *Garrick*. Depend upon it I ſhall often viſit this delightful walk, during my ſtay in London.

To day my two Engliſhmen carried me to a neighbouring tavern, or rather an eating-houſe, where we paid a ſhilling each for ſome roaſt-meat, and a ſallad, giving, at the ſame time, nearly half as much to the waiter; and yet this is reckoned a cheap houſe, and a cheap ſtile of living.—But, I believe, for the future, I ſhall pretty often dine at home; I have already begun this evening with my ſupper. I am now ſitting by the fire, in my own room in London; the day is nearly at an end, the firſt I have ſpent in England, and I hardly know, whether I ought to call it only one day, when I reflect what a quick and varied ſucceſſion of new and ſtriking ideas have, in ſo ſhort a time, paſſed in my mind.

London, 5th June.

AT length, deareſt Gedike, I am again ſettled; as I have now got my trunk and all my things from the ſhip, which arrived only yeſterday. Not wiſhing to have it taken to the Cuſtom-houſe, which occaſions a great deal of trouble, I was obliged to give a douceur to the officers, and thoſe who came on board the ſhip, to ſearch it. Having pacified, as I thought, one of them with a couple of ſhillings, another came forward and proteſted againſt the delivery of the trunk upon truſt, till I had given him as much: to him ſucceeded a third; ſo that it coſt me ſix ſhillings, which I willingly paid, becauſe it would have coſt me ſtill more at the Cuſtom-houſe.

By the ſide of the Thames were ſeveral porters, one of whom took my huge heavy trunk on his ſhoulders with aſtoniſhing eaſe; and carried it till I met a hackney-coach. This I hired for two ſhillings; immediately put the trunk into it, accompanying it myſelf, without paying any thing extra for my own feat. This is a great advantage in the

Engliſh

Engliſh hackney-coaches, that you are allowed to take with you, whatever you pleaſe: for you thus ſave at leaſt one half of what you muſt pay to a porter, and beſides go with it yourſelf; and are better accommodated. The obſervations, and the expreſſions of the common people here have often ſtruck me, as peculiar: they are generally laconic; but always much in earneſt, and ſignificant. When I came home, my landlady kindly recommended it to the coachman not to aſk more than was juſt, as I was a foreigner: to which he anſwered; nay, if he were not a foreigner, I ſhould not overcharge him.

My letters of recommendation to a merchant here, which I could not bring with me on account of my haſty departure from Hamburgh, are alſo arrived. Theſe have ſaved me a great deal of trouble in the changing of my money. I can now take my German money back to Germany; and when I return thither myſelf, refund to the correſpondent of the merchant here, the ſum which he here pays me in Engliſh money. I ſhould otherwiſe have been obliged to ſell my Pruſſian *Friedrick's d'or* for what they weigh'd: for ſome few Dutch dollars, which I was obliged

to

to part with, before I got this credit, they only gave me eight ſhillings.

A foreigner has here nothing to fear from being preſſed as a ſailor; unleſs indeed he ſhould be found at any ſuſpicious place. A ſingular invention for this purpoſe of preſſing, is a ſhip which is placed on land not far from the Tower on Tower-hill, furniſhed with maſts and all the appurtenances of a ſhip. The perſons attending this ſhip promiſe ſimple country people, who happen to be ſtanding and ſtareing at it, to ſhew it to them for a trifle; and as ſoon as they are in, they are ſecured as in a trap; and according to circumſtances made ſailors of, or let go again.

The footway paved with large ſtones on both ſides of the ſtreets, appears to a foreigner exceedingly convenient and pleaſant; as one may there walk in perfect ſafety, in no more danger from the prodigious crowd of carts and coaches, than if one was in one's own room; for no wheel dares come a finger's breadth upon the curb-ſtone. However, politeneſs requires you to let a lady, or any one to whom you wiſh to ſhew reſpect, paſs, not, as we do, always to the right, but on the ſide next the houſes or the wall, whether

that

that happens to be on the right, or on the left, being deemed the ſafeſt and moſt convenient. You ſeldom ſee a perſon of any underſtanding or common ſenſe, walk in the middle of the ſtreets in London, excepting when they croſs over; which at Charing-Croſs and other places, where ſeveral ſtreets meet, is ſometimes really dangerous.

It has a ſtrange appearance, eſpecially in the Strand where there is a conſtant ſucceſſion of ſhop after ſhop; and where, not unfrequently, people of different trades inhabit the ſame houſe, to ſee their doors, or the tops of their windows, or boards expreſsly for the purpoſe, all written over from top to bottom, with large painted letters. Every perſon, of every trade or occupation, who owns ever ſo ſmall a portion of an houſe, makes a parade with a ſign at his door; and there is hardly a cobler, whoſe name and profeſſion may not be read in large golden characters, by every one that paſſes. It is here not at all uncommon to ſee on doors in one continued ſucceſſion, "*children educated here*;" "*ſhoes mended here*;" "*foreign ſpirituous liquors ſold here*;" and "*funerals furniſhed here*." Of all theſe inſcriptions, I am

ſorry

ſorry to obſerve, that "*dealer in foreign ſpirituous liquors*" is by far the moſt frequent. And indeed it is allowed by the Engliſh themſelves, that the propenſity of the common people to the drinking of brandy or gin, is carried to a great exceſs: and I own it ſtruck me as a peculiar phraſeology, when, to tell you, that a perſon is intoxicated or drunk, you hear them ſay, as they generally do, that *he is in liquor*. In the late riots, which even yet, are hardly quite ſubſided, and which are ſtill the general topic of converſation, more people have been found dead near empty brandy-caſks in the ſtreets, than were killed by the muſket balls of regiments, that were called in. As much as I have ſeen of London, within theſe two days, there are on the whole I think not very many very fine ſtreets and very fine houſes, but I met every where a far greater number, and handſomer people, than one commonly meets in Berlin. It gives me much real pleaſure, when I walk from Charing-Croſs up the Strand, paſt St. Paul's to the Royal Exchange, to meet in the thickeſt crowds, perſons, from the higheſt to the loweſt ranks, almoſt all well-looking people and cleanly and neatly dreſſed. I rarely ſee even a fel-

a fellow with a wheel-barrow, who has not a ſhirt on; and that too ſuch an one, as ſhews it has been waſhed; nor even a beggar, without both a ſhirt, and ſhoes and ſtockings. The Engliſh are certainly diſtinguiſhed for cleanlineſs.

It has a very uncommon appearance in this tumult of people, where every one, with haſty and eager ſtep, ſeems to be purſuing either his buſineſs or his pleaſure; and every where making his way through the crowd, to obſerve, as you often may, people puſhing, one againſt another, only perhaps to ſee a funeral paſs. The Engliſh coffins are made, very uneconomically, according to the exact form of the body; they are flat, and broad at top; tapering gradually from the middle, and drawing to a point at the feet, not very unlike the caſe of a violin.

A few dirty looking men, who bear the coffin, endeavour to make their way through the crowd, as well as they can; and ſome mourners follow. The people ſeem to pay as little attention to ſuch a proceſſion, as if a hay cart were driving paſt. The funerals of people of diſtinction and of the great, are however differently regarded.

Theſe

Theſe funerals always appear to me the more indecent in a populous city, from the total indifference of the beholders, and the perfect unconcern with which they are beheld.

The body of a fellow-creature is carried to his long home, as though it had been utterly unconnected with the reſt of mankind. And yet, in a ſmall town or village, every one knows every one: and no one can be ſo inſignificant, as not to be miſſed, when he is taken away.

That ſame influenza, which I left at Berlin, I have had the hard fortune again to find here; and many people die of it. It is as yet very cold for the time of the year, and I am obliged every day to have a fire. I muſt own, that the heat or warmth given by ſea-coal, burnt in the chimney, appears to me ſofter, and milder, than that given by our ſtoves. The ſight of the fire has alſo a chearful and pleaſing effect. Only you muſt take care, not to look at it ſteadily, and for a continuance, for this is probably the reaſon that there are ſo many young old-men in England, who walk and ride in the public ſtreets with their ſpectacles on; thus anticipating,

in the bloom of youth, thoſe conveniences and comforts, which were intended for old age.

I now conſtantly dine in my own lodgings; and I cannot but flatter myſelf, that my meals are regulated with frugality. My uſual diſh at ſupper is ſome pickled ſalmon, which you eat in the liquor in which it is pickled, along with ſome oil and vinegar; and he muſt be prejudiced, or faſtidious, who does not reliſh it as ſingularly well taſted and grateful food.

I would always adviſe thoſe who wiſh to drink coffee in England, to mention before hand how many cups are to be made with half an ounce; or elſe the people will probably bring them a prodigious quantity of brown water; which (notwithſtanding all my admonitions) I have not yet been able wholly to avoid. The fine wheaten bread which I find here, beſides excellent butter and Cheſhire-cheeſe, makes up for my ſcanty dinners. For an Engliſh dinner, to ſuch lodgers as I am, generally conſiſts of a piece of half-boiled, or half-roaſted, meat; and a few cabbage leaves boiled in plain water; on which they pour a ſauce made of flour and butter.

butter. This, I assure you, is the usual method of dressing vegetables in England.

The slices of bread and butter, which they give you with your tea, are as thin as poppy leaves. But there is another kind of bread and butter usually eaten with tea, which is toasted by the fire, and is incomparably good. You take one slice after the other and hold it to the fire on a fork till the butter is melted, so that it penetrates a number of slices all at once: this is called *Toast*.

The custom of sleeping without a feather-bed for a covering, particularly pleased me. You here lie between two sheets: underneath the bottom sheet is a fine blanket, which, without oppressing you, keeps you sufficiently warm. My shoes are not cleaned in the house, but by a person in the neighbourhood, whose trade it is; who fetches them every morning, and brings them back cleaned; for which she receives weekly so much. When the maid is displeased with me, I hear her sometimes at the door call me the *German*; otherwise in the family I go by the name of *the Gentleman*.

I have almost entirely laid aside riding in a coach, although it does not cost near so much

as it does at Berlin; as I can go and return any diſtance not exceeding an Engliſh mile, for a ſhilling; for which I ſhould there at leaſt pay a florin. But, moderate as Engliſh fares are, ſtill you ſave a great deal, if you walk or go on foot; and know only how to aſk your way. From my lodging to the Royal Exchange, is about as far as from one end of Berlin to the other; and from the Tower and St. Catherine's, where the ſhips arrive in the Thames, as far again; and I have already walked this diſtance twice, when I went to look after my trunk, before I got it out of the ſhip. As it was quite dark when I came back the firſt evening, I was aſtoniſhed at the admirable manner in which the ſtreets are lighted up; compared to which our ſtreets in Berlin make a moſt miſerable ſhew. The lamps are lighted, whilſt it is ſtill day-light; and are ſo near each other, that even on the moſt ordinary and common nights, the city has the appearance of a feſtive illumination; for which ſome German prince, who came to London for the firſt time, once, they ſay, actually took it, and ſeriouſly believed it to have been particularly ordered, on account of his arrival.

The

The 9th June, 1782.

I preached this day at the German church, on Ludgate-hill, for the Rev. Mr. Wendeborn. He is the author of "Der ſtatiſchen Beytrage zur nahern Kentniſs groſs Brittaniens." This valuable book has already been of uncommon ſervice to me; and I cannot but recommend it to every one, who goes to England. It is the more uſeful, as you can with eaſe carry it in your pocket; and you find in it information on every ſubject. It is natural to ſuppoſe, that Mr. Wendeborn, who has now been a length of time in England, muſt have been able more frequently, and with greater exactneſs to make his obſervations, than thoſe who only paſs through, or make a very ſhort ſtay. It is almoſt impoſſible for any one, who has this book always at hand, to omit any thing worthy of notice in or about London; or not to learn all that is moſt material to know, of the ſtate and ſituation of the kingdom in general.

Mr. Wendeborn lives in New Inn, near Temple-bar, in a philoſophical, but not unimproving retirement. He is almoſt become

a native; and his library consists chiefly of English books. Before I proceed, I must just mention, that he has not hired, but bought his apartments, in this great building, called New Inn: and this, I believe, is pretty generally the case with the lodgings, in this place. A purchaser of any of these rooms, is considered as a proprietor; and one who has got an house and home, and has a right in parliamentary, or other, elections, to give his vote, if he is not a foreigner, which is the case with Mr. Wendeborn; who, nevertheless, was visited by Mr. Fox, when he was to be chosen member for Westminster.

I saw, for the first time, at Mr. Wendeborn's, a very useful machine, which is little known in Germany, or at least not much used.

This is a press in which, by means of very strong iron springs, a written paper may be printed on another blank paper, and you thus save yourself the trouble of copying; and at the same time multiply your own hand writing. Mr. Wendeborn makes use of this machine, every time he sends manuscripts abroad, of which he wishes to keep a copy. This machine was of mahogany; and cost

pretty

pretty high. I ſuppoſe it is becauſe the inhabitants of London riſe ſo late, that divine ſervice begins only at half paſt ten o'clock. I miſſed Mr. Wendeborn this morning, and was therefore obliged to enquire of the door-keeper at St. Paul's, for a direction to the German church, where I was to preach. He did not know it. I then aſked at another church, not far from thence. Here I was directed right; and after I had paſſed through an iron-gate to the end of a long paſſage, I arrived juſt in time, at the church, where, after the ſermon, I was obliged to read a public thankſgiving for the ſafe arrival of our ſhip. The German clergy here, dreſs exactly the ſame as the Engliſh clergy, *i. e.* in long robes with wide ſleeves, in which I likewiſe was obliged to wrap myſelf. Mr. Wendeborn wears his own hair, which curls naturally, and the toupee is combed up.

The other German clergymen, whom I have ſeen, wear wigs, as well as many of the Engliſh.

I yeſterday waited on our ambaſſador, Count Lucy; and was agreeably ſurprized at the ſimplicity of his manner of living. He lives in a ſmall private houſe. His ſecretary

lives up ſtairs, where alſo I met with the Pruſſian Conſul, who happened juſt then to be paying him a viſit. Below, on the right hand, I was immediately ſhewn into his excellency's room, without being obliged to paſs through an anti-chamber. He wore a blue-coat with a red collar and red facings. He converſed with me, as we drank a diſh of coffee, on various learned topics; and when I told him of the great diſpute now going on about the taciſmus or ſtaciſmus, he declared himſelf, as a born Greek, for the *ſtaciſmus*. When I came to take my leave, he deſired me to come and ſee him without ceremony, whenever it ſuited me, as he ſhould be always happy to ſee me.

Mr. Leonhard, who has tranſlated ſeveral celebrated Engliſh plays, ſuch as *The School for Scandal*, and ſome others, lives here as a private perſon, inſtructing Germans in Engliſh, and Engliſhmen in German, with great ability. He alſo it is, who writes the articles concerning England, for the new Hambro' newſpaper; for which he is paid a ſtated yearly ſtipend. I may add alſo, that he is the maſter of a German freemaſon's lodge in London, and repreſentative of all the German lodges in England;

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an employment of far more trouble, than profit, to him: for all the world applies to him in all caſes and emergencies. I alſo was recommended to him from Hambro'. He is a very complaiſant man; and has already ſhewn me many civilities. He repeats Engliſh poetry with great propriety; and ſpeaks the language nearly with the ſame facility as he does his mother tongue. He is married to an amiable Engliſhwoman. I wiſh him all poſſible happineſs. And now let me tell you ſomething of the ſo often imitated, but perhaps inimitable

Vauxhall.

I yeſterday viſited Vauxhall for the firſt time. I had not far to go from my lodgings, in the Adelphi-buildings, to Weſtminſter-Bridge, where you always find a great number of boats on the Thames, which are ready on the leaſt ſignal to ſerve thoſe who will pay them a ſhilling or ſixpence, according to the diſtance.

From hence I went up the Thames to Vauxhall, and as I paſſed along, I ſaw Lambeth; and the venerable old palace belonging to the archbiſhops of Canterbury, lying on my left.

Vauxhall is, properly ſpeaking, the name of a little village in which the garden, now almoſt excluſively bearing the ſame name, is ſituated. You pay a ſhilling on entrance.

On entering it, I really found, or fancied I found, ſome reſemblance to our Berlin Vauxhall, if, according to Virgil, I may be permitted to compare ſmall things with great ones. The walks at leaſt, with the paintings at the end, and the high trees, which, here and there, form a beautiful grove, or wood, on either ſide, were ſo ſimilar to thoſe of Berlin, that often, as I walked along them, I ſeemed to tranſport myſelf, in imagination, once more to Berlin, and forgot for a moment, that immenſe ſeas and mountains, and kingdoms now lie between us. I was the more tempted to indulge in this reverie, as I actually met with ſeveral gentlemen, inhabitants of Berlin; in particular Mr. S***r, and ſome others, with whom I ſpent the evening in the moſt agreeable manner. Here and there, (particularly in one of the charming woods which art has formed in this garden) you are pleaſingly ſurprized by the ſudden appearance of the ſtatues of the moſt renowned Engliſh poets and philoſophers; ſuch as Milton, Thom-

Thomſon, and others. But, what gave me moſt pleaſure, was the ſtatue of the German compoſer, Handel, which, on entering the garden, is not far diſtant from the orcheſtra.

This orcheſtra is among a number of trees ſituated as in a little wood, and is an exceedingly handſome one. As you enter the garden, you immediately hear the ſound of vocal and inſtrumental muſic. There are ſeveral female ſingers conſtantly hired here to ſing in public.

On each ſide of the orcheſtra are ſmall boxes, with tables and benches, in which you ſup. The walks before theſe, as well as in every other part of the garden, are crowded with people of all ranks. I ſupped here with Mr. S***r, and the ſecretary of the Pruſſian ambaſſador; beſides a few other gentlemen from Berlin; but what moſt aſtoniſhed me, was the boldneſs of the women of the town; who, along with their pimps, often ruſhed in upon us by half dozens; and in the moſt ſhameleſs manner importuned us for wine, for themſelves and their followers. Our gentlemen thought it either unwiſe, unkind, or unſafe, to refuſe them ſo ſmall a boon altogether.

An Engliſhman paſſed our box with haſty ſteps, and on our acquaintance's aſking him, where he was going in ſuch an hurry, he anſwered with an air of ridiculous importance, which ſet us all a laughing, "I have loſt my girl!" He ſeemed to make his ſearch, juſt as if he had been looking for a glove or a ſtick, which he had accidently dropt, or forgotten ſomewhere.

Lateiſh in the evening, we were entertained with a ſight, that is indeed ſingularly curious and intereſting. In a particular part of the garden, a curtain was drawn up, and by means of ſome mechaniſm, of extraordinary ingenuity, the eye and the ear are ſo completely deceived, that it is not eaſy to perſuade one's-ſelf it is a deception; and that one does not actually ſee and hear a natural waterfall from an high rock. As every one was flocking to this ſcene in crowds, there aroſe all at once, a loud cry of, "Take care of your pockets." This informed us, but too clearly, that there were ſome pick-pockets among the crowd; who had already made ſome fortunate ſtrokes.

The rotunda, a magnificent circular building, in the garden, particularly engaged my attention. By means of beautiful chandeliers, and

and large mirrors, it was illuminated in the moſt ſuperb manner; and every where decorated with delightful paintings, and ſtatues, in the contemplation of which you may ſpend ſeveral hours very agreeably, when you are tired of the crowd and the buſtle, in the walks of the garden.

Among the paintings one repreſents the ſurrender of a beſieged city. If you look at this painting with attention, for any length of time, it affects you ſo much, that you even ſhed tears. The expreſſion of the greateſt diſtreſs, even bordering on deſpair, on the part of the beſieged, the fearful expectation of the uncertain iſſue, and what the victor will determine concerning thoſe unfortunate people, may all be read ſo plainly, and ſo naturally in the countenances of the inhabitants who are imploring for mercy, from the hoary head to the ſuckling whom his mother holds up, that you quite forget yourſelf, and in the end ſcarcely believe it to be a painting before you.

You alſo here find the buſts of the beſt Engliſh authors, placed all round on the ſides. Thus a Briton again meets with his Shakeſpear, Locke, Milton, and Dryden, in the public places of his amuſements; and there alſo

alſo reveres their memory. Even the common people thus become familiar with the names of thoſe who have done honour to their nation; and are taught to mention them with veneration. For this rotunda is alſo an orcheſtra, in which the muſic is performed, in rainy weather.—But enough of Vauxhall!

Certain it is, that the Engliſh claſſical authors are read more generally, beyond all compariſon than the German; which in general are read only by the learned; or, at moſt, by the middle claſs of people. The Engliſh national authors are in all hands, and read by all people, of which the innumerable editions they have gone through, are a ſufficient proof.

My landlady, who is only a taylor's widow, reads her Milton; and tells me, that her late huſband firſt fell in love with her, on this very account; becauſe ſhe read Milton with ſuch proper emphaſis. This ſingle inſtance perhaps would prove but little; but I have converſed with ſeveral people of the lower claſs, who all knew their national authors, and who all have read many, if not all of them. This elevates the lower ranks, and brings them nearer to the higher. There is hardly any ar-

argument, or diſpute in converſation, in the higher ranks, about which the lower cannot alſo converſe or give their opinion. Now in Germany, ſince Gelleſt, there has as yet been no poet's name familiar to the people. But the quick ſale of the claſſical authors, is here promoted alſo, by cheap and convenient editions. They have them all bound in pocket volumes; as well as in a more pompous ſtile. I myſelf bought Milton in duodecimo for two ſhillings, neatly bound; it is ſuch an one as I can, with great convenience, carry in my pocket. It alſo appears to me to be a good faſhion, which prevails here, and here only; that the books which are moſt read, are always to be had, already well and neatly bound. At ſtalls, and in the ſtreets, you every now and then meet with a ſort of antiquarians; who ſell ſingle or odd volumes; ſometimes perhaps of Shakeſpear, &c. ſo low as a penny; nay even ſometimes for an halfpenny a piece. Of one of theſe itinerant antiquarians I bought the two volumes of the Vicar of Wakefield, for ſixpence, *i. e.* for the half of an Engliſh ſhilling. In what eſtimation our German literature is held in England, I was enabled to judge, in ſome degree, by the printed

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propoſals of a book, which I ſaw. The title was "The Entertaining Muſeum, or Complete Circulating Library;" which is to contain a liſt of all the Engliſh claſſical authors, as well as tranſlations of the beſt French, Spaniſh, Italian, and *even German novels.*

The moderate price of this book deſerves alſo to be noticed; as by ſuch means books in England come more within the reach of the people; and of courſe are more generally diſtributed among them. The adverti ſement mentions, that in order that every one may have it in his power to buy this work and at once to furniſh himſelf with a very valuable library, without perceiving the expence, a number will be ſent out weekly, which, ſtitched, coſts ſixpence, and bound with the title on the back, nine-pence. The twenty-fifth and twenty-ſixth number, contain the firſt and ſecond volume of the Vicar of Wakefield, which I had juſt bought of the antiquarian above mentioned.

The only tranſlation from the German which has been particularly ſucceſsful in England, is "Geſner's Death of Abel." The tranſlation of that work has been oftener reprinted in England, than ever the original was

was in Germany. I have actually seen the eighteenth edition of it: and if the English preface is to be regarded, it was written by a lady. "Klopstock's Messiah," as is well known, has been here but ill received: to be sure, they say, it is but indifferently translated. I have not yet been able to obtain a sight of it. The Rev. Mr. Wendeborn has written a grammar for the German language in English, for the use of Englishmen; which has met with much applause. I must not forget to mention that the works of Mr. Jacob Boehmen, are all translated into English.

London, 13th June.

OFTEN as I had heard Ranelagh ſpoken of, I had yet formed only an imperfect idea of it. I ſuppoſed it to be a garden ſome-what different from that of Vauxhall; but, in fact, I hardly knew what I thought of it. Yeſterday evening I took a walk, in order to viſit this famous place of amuſement; but I miſſed my way and got to Chelſea; where I met a man with a wheelbarrow, who not only very civilly ſhewed me the right road, but alſo converſed with me the whole of the diſtance, which we walked together. And finding, on enquiry, that I was a ſubject of the King of Pruſſia, he deſired me, with much eagerneſs, to relate to him ſome anecdotes concerning that mighty monarch.

At length I arrived at Ranelagh; and having paid my half-crown, on entrance, I ſoon enquired for the garden door, and it was readily ſhewn to me; when, to my infinite aſtoniſhment, I found myſelf in a poor, mean-looking, and ill-lighted garden, where I met but few people. I had not been here long before I was accoſted by a young lady, who alſo

alſo was walking there, and who, without ceremony, offered me her arm, aſking me why I walked thus ſolitarily? I now concluded, this could not poſſibly be the ſplendid, much-boaſted Ranelagh; and ſo, ſeeing not far from me a number of people entering a door, I followed them, in hopes either to get out again, or to vary the ſcene.

But it is impoſſible to deſcribe, or indeed to conceive, the effect it had on me, when, coming out of the gloom of the garden, I ſuddenly entered a round building, illuminated by many hundred lamps; the ſplendor and beauty of which ſurpaſſed every thing of the kind I had ever ſeen before. Every thing ſeemed here, to be round: above, there was a gallery, divided into boxes; and in one part of it an organ with a beautiful choir, from which iſſued both inſtrumental and vocal muſic. All around, under this gallery, are handſome painted boxes for thoſe who wiſh to take refreſhments: the floor was covered with mats; in the middle of which are four high black pillars; within which there are neat fire-places for preparing tea, coffee, and punch: and all around alſo there are placed tables, ſet out with all kinds of refreſhments. Within theſe

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theſe four pillars, in a kind of magic rotundo, all the beau-monde of London move perpetually round and round.

I at firſt mixed with this immenſe concourſe of people, of all ſexes, ages, countries, and characters: and I muſt confeſs, that the inceſſant change of faces, the far greater number of which were ſtrikingly beautiful, together with the illumination, the extent and majeſtic ſplendor of the place, with the continued ſound of the muſic, makes an inconceivably delightful impreſſion on the imagination; and I take the liberty to add, that, on ſeeing it now for the firſt time, I felt pretty nearly the ſame ſenſations, that I remember to have felt, when, in early youth, I firſt read the Fairy Tales.

Being however at length tired of the crowd, and being tired alſo, with always moving round and round in a circle, I ſat myſelf down in one of the boxes, in order to take ſome refreſhment, and was now contemplating at my eaſe, this prodigious collection and crowd of an happy, chearful world, who were here enjoying themſelves devoid of care, when a waiter very civilly aſked me what refreſhment I wiſhed to have, and in a

few

few moments returned with what I aſked for. To my aſtoniſhment, he would accept no money for theſe refreſhments; which I could not comprehend, till he told me that every thing was included in the half-crown I had paid at the door; and that I had only to command, if I wiſhed for any thing more; but that, if I pleaſed, I might give him as a preſent a trifling douceur. This I gave him with pleaſure, as I could not help fancying, I was hardly entitled to ſo much civility and good attendance for one ſingle half-crown.

I now went up into the gallery, and ſeated myſelf in one of the boxes there: and from thence becoming, all at once, a grave and moralizing ſpectator, I looked down on the concourſe of people, who were ſtill moving round and round in the fairy circle; and then I could eaſily diſtinguiſh ſeveral ſtars, and other orders, of knighthood; French queues and bags contraſted with plain Engliſh heads of hair, or profeſſional wigs; old age and youth, nobility and commonalty, all paſſing each other in the motley ſwarm. An Engliſhman who joined me, during this my reverie, pointed out to me on my enquiring, princes, and lords with their dazzling ſtars; with which

they

they eclipſed the leſs brilliant part of the company.

Here ſome moved round in an eternal circle to ſee and be ſeen; there a groupe of eager connoiſſeurs had placed themſelves before the orcheſtra and were feaſting their ears, while others, at the well ſupplied tables, were regaling the parched roofs of their mouths, in a more ſubſtantial manner, and again others like myſelf were ſitting alone, in the corner of a box in the gallery, making their remarks and reflections on ſo intereſting a ſcene.

I now and then indulged myſelf in the pleaſure of exchanging, for ſome minutes, all this magnificence and ſplendor, for the gloom of the garden, in order to renew the pleaſing ſurprize I experienced on my firſt entering the building. Thus I ſpent here ſome hours in the night, in a continual variation of entertainment; when the crowd now all at once began to leſſen, and I alſo took a coach and drove home.

At Ranelagh, the company appeared to me much better, and more ſelect than at Vauxhall; for thoſe of the lower claſs, who go there, always dreſs themſelves in their beſt; and thus endeavour to copy the great. Here

I ſaw

I ſaw no one who had not ſilk ſtockings on. Even the pooreſt families are at the expence of a coach, to go to Ranelagh, as my landlady aſſured me. She always fixed on ſome one day in the year, on which, without fail, ſhe drove to Ranelagh. On the whole the expence at Ranelagh is nothing near ſo great as it is at Vauxhall, if you conſider the refreſhments; for any one who ſups at Vauxhall, which moſt people do, is likely for a very moderate ſupper, to pay at leaſt half-a-guinea.

The Parliament.

I had almoſt forgotten to tell you, that I have already been to the Parliament Houſe: and yet this is of moſt importance. For, had I ſeen nothing elſe in England, but this, I ſhould have thought my journey thither amply rewarded.

As little as I have hitherto troubled myſelf with politics, becauſe indeed with us, it is but little worth our while, I was however deſirous to be preſent at a meeting of parliament; a wiſh that was ſoon amply gratified.

One afternoon about three o'clock, at which hour, or thereabouts, the houſe moſt commonly

commonly meets, I enquired for Weſtminſter-Hall, and was very politely directed by an Engliſhman. Theſe directions are always given with the utmoſt kindneſs. You may aſk whom you pleaſe if you can only make yourſelf tolerably well underſtood; and by thus aſking, every now and then, you may with the greateſt eaſe find your way throughout all London.

Weſtminſter-Hall is an enormous Gothic building, whoſe vaulted roof is ſupported not by pillars, but inſtead of theſe there are on each ſide, large unnatural heads of angels, carved in wood, which ſeem to ſupport the roof.

When you have paſſed through this long hall, you aſcend a few ſteps at the end, and are led through a dark paſſage into the Houſe of Commons; which, below, has a large double door; and above, there is a ſmall ſtair-caſe, by which you go to the gallery, the place allotted for ſtrangers.

The firſt time I went up this ſmall ſtair-caſe and had reached the rails, I ſaw a very genteel man in black, ſtanding there. I accoſted him, without any introduction, and I aſked him whether I might be allowed to go

into the gallery. He told me, that I muſt be introduced by a member, or elſe I could not get admiſſion there. Now as I had not the honour to be acquainted with a member, I was under the mortifying neceſſity of retreating, and again going down ſtairs; as I did, much chagrined. And now, as I was ſullenly marching back, I heard ſomething ſaid about a bottle of wine, which ſeemed to be addreſſed to me. I could not conceive what it could mean, till I got home, when my obliging landlady told me, I ſhould have given the well-dreſſed man, half-a-crown, or a couple of ſhillings, for a bottle of wine. Happy in this information, I went again the next day; when the ſame man, who before had ſent me away, after I had given him only two ſhillings, very politely opened the door for me, and himſelf recommended me to a good ſeat in the gallery.

And thus I now, for the firſt time, ſaw the whole of the Britiſh nation aſſembled in its repreſentatives, in rather a mean-looking building, that not a little reſembles a chapel. The Speaker, an elderly man, with an enormous wig, with two knotted kind of treſſes, or curls, behind, in a black cloak, his hat on

his head, ſat oppoſite to me on a lofty chair; which was not unlike a ſmall pulpit, ſave only that in the front of this there was no reading deſk. Before the Speaker's chair ſtands a table, which looks like an altar; and at this there ſit two men, called clerks, dreſſed in black, with black cloaks. On the table, by the ſide of the great parchment acts, lies an huge gilt ſceptre, which is always taken away and placed in a conſervatory under the table, as ſoon as ever the Speaker quits the chair; which he does as often as the houſe reſolves itſelf into a committee. A committee means nothing more than that the houſe puts itſelf into a ſituation freely to diſcuſs and debate any point of difficulty and moment, and, while it laſts, the Speaker partly lays aſide his power as a legiſlator. As ſoon as this is over, ſome one tells the Speaker, that he may now again be ſeated! and immediately on the Speaker's being again in the chair the ſceptre is alſo replaced on the table before him.

All round on the ſides of the houſe under the gallery, are benches for the members, covered with green cloth, always one above the other, like our choirs in churches; in order that he who is ſpeaking, may ſee over thoſe who

who ſit before him. The ſeats in the gallery are on the ſame plan. The Members of Parliament keep their hats on, but the ſpectators in the gallery are uncovered.

The Members of the Houſe of Commons have nothing particular in their dreſs; they even come into the houſe, in their great coats, and with boots and ſpurs. It is not at all uncommon to ſee a member lying ſtretched out on one of the benches, while others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges, or whatever elſe is in ſeaſon. There is no end to their going in and out; and as often as any one wiſhes to go out, he places himſelf before the Speaker, and makes him his bow, as if like a ſchool-boy, he aſked his tutor's permiſſion.

Thoſe who ſpeak, ſeem to deliver themſelves with but little, perhaps, not always with even a decorous, gravity. All that is neceſſary, is to ſtand up in your place, take off your hat, turn to the Speaker, (to whom all the ſpeeches are addreſſed;) to hold your hat and ſtick in one hand, and with the other hand to make any ſuch motions as you fancy neceſſary to accompany your ſpeech.

If it happens, that a member riſes, who is but a bad ſpeaker; or if what he ſays is generally deemed not ſufficiently intereſting, ſo much noiſe is made, and ſuch burſts of laughter are raiſed, that the member who is ſpeaking can ſcarcely diſtinguiſh his own words. This muſt needs be a diſtreſſing ſituation; and it ſeems then to be particularly laughable, when the Speaker in his chair, like a tutor in a ſchool, again and again endeavours to reſtore order, which he does by calling out *to order, to order*; apparently often without much attention being paid to it.

On the contrary, when a favourite member, and one who ſpeaks well and to the purpoſe, riſes, the moſt perfect ſilence reigns: and his friends and admirers, one after another, make their approbation known by calling out, *hear him*; which is often repeated by the whole houſe at once; and in this way ſo much noiſe is often made that the Speaker is frequently interrupted by this ſame emphatic *hear him*. Notwithſtanding which, this calling out is always regarded as a great encouragement; and I have often obſerved, that one who began with ſome diffidence, and

even

even ſomewhat inauſpiciouſly, has in the end been ſo animated, that he has ſpoken with a torrent of eloquence.

As all ſpeeches are directed to the Speaker, all the members always preface their ſpeeches with, *Sir*; and he, on being thus addreſſed, generally moves his hat a little, but immediately puts it on again. This *Sir* is often introduced in the courſe of their ſpeeches, and ſerves to connect what is ſaid: it ſeems alſo to ſtand the Speaker in ſome ſtead, when any one's memory fails him, or he is otherwiſe at a loſs for matter. For while he is ſaying, *Sir*, and has thus obtained a little pauſe, he recollects what is to follow. Yet I have ſometimes ſeen ſome members draw a kind of memorandum out of their pockets, like a candidate, who is at a loſs in his ſermon: this is the only inſtance in which a member of the Britiſh parliament ſeems to read his ſpeeches.

The firſt day that I was at the Houſe of Commons, an Engliſh gentleman, who ſat next to me in the gallery, very obligingly pointed out to me the principal members; ſuch as *Fox*, *Burke*, *Rigby*, &c. all of whom I heard ſpeak The debate happened to be

whether, beſides being made a peer, any other ſpecific reward ſhould be beſtowed by the nation on their gallant admiral Rodney. In the courſe of the debate, I remember, Mr. Fox was very ſharply reprimanded by young Lord Fielding, for having, when Miniſter, oppoſed the election of Admiral Hood, as a member for Weſtminſter.

Fox was ſitting to the right of the Speaker, not far from the table on which the gilt ſceptre lay. He now took his place ſo near it that he could reach it with his hand, and, thus placed, he gave it many a violent and hearty thump, either to aid, or to ſhew, the energy with which he ſpoke. If the charge was vehement, his defence was no leſs ſo: he juſtified himſelf againſt Lord Fielding, by maintaining, that he had not oppoſed this election in the character of a miniſter, but as an individual, or private perſon: and that, as ſuch, he had freely and honeſtly given his vote for another; namely for Sir Cecil Wray; adding, that the King when he appointed him ſecretary of ſtate, had entered into no agreement with him, by which he loſt his vote as an individual: to ſuch a requiſition he never would have ſubmitted. It is impoſſible

for me to deſcribe, with what fire, and perſuaſive eloquence he ſpoke, and how the Speaker in the chair inceſſantly nodded approbation from beneath his ſolemn wig; and innumerable voices inceſſantly called out, *hear him! hear him!* and when there was the leaſt ſign that he intended to leave off ſpeaking, they no leſs vociferouſly exclaimed, *go on*; and ſo he continued to ſpeak in this manner for nearly two hours. Mr. Rigby in reply, made a ſhort but humourous ſpeech, in which he mentioned of how little conſequence the title of *lord* and *lady* was without money to ſupport it, and finiſhed with the Latin proverb, "infelix paupertas,—quia ridiculos miſeros facit." After having firſt very judiciouſly obſerved, that previous enquiry ſhould be made, whether Admiral Rodney had made any rich prizes or captures; becauſe, if that ſhould be the caſe, he would not ſtand in need of further reward in money. I have ſince been almoſt every day at the parliament-houſe; and prefer the entertainment I there meet with, to moſt other amuſements.

Fox is ſtill much beloved by the people, notwithſtanding that they are, (and certainly

with good reaſon) diſpleaſed at his being the cauſe of Admiral Rodney's recal; though even I have heard him again and again, almoſt extravagant in his encomiums on this noble admiral. This ſame celebrated Charles Fox is a ſhort, fat, and groſs man, with a ſwarthy complexion, and dark; and in general he is badly dreſſed. There certainly is ſomething Jewiſh in his looks. But upon the whole, he is not an ill-made nor an ill-looking man: and there are many ſtrong marks of ſagacity and fire in his eyes. I have frequently heard the people here ſay, that this ſame Mr. Fox is as cunning as a fox. Burke is a well-made, tall, upright man, but looks elderly and broken. Rigby is exceſſively corpulent, and has a jolly rubicund face.

The little leſs than downright open abuſe, and the many really rude things, which the members ſaid to each other, ſtruck me much. For example, when one has finiſhed, another riſes, and immediately taxes with abſurdity all that *the right honourable gentleman*, (for with this title the members of the Houſe of Commons always honour each other) had juſt advanced. It would indeed be contrary to the rules of the houſe, flatly to tell each other, that

that what they have ſpoken, is *falſe*, or even *fooliſh*: inſtead of this, they turn themſelves, as uſual, to the Speaker, and ſo, whilſt their addreſs is directed to him, they fancy they violate neither the rules of parliament, nor thoſe of good breeding and decorum, whilſt they utter the moſt cutting perſonal ſarcaſms againſt the member, or the meaſure they oppoſe.

It is quite laughable to ſee, as one ſometimes does, one member ſpeaking, and another accompanying the ſpeech with his action. This I remarked more than once in a worthy old citizen, who was fearful of ſpeaking himſelf, but when his neighbour ſpoke, he accompanied every energetic ſentence with a ſuitable geſticulation, by which means, his whole body was ſometimes in motion.

It often happens that the jett, or principal point, in the debate, is loſt in theſe perſonal conteſts, and bickerings between each other. When they laſt ſo long as to become quite tedious and tireſome, and likely to do harm rather than good, the houſe takes upon itſelf to expreſs its diſapprobation; and then there ariſes a general cry, of *the queſtion! the queſtion!* This muſt ſometimes be frequently repeated, as the contending members are both anxious

to have the laſt word. At length however the queſtion is put, and the votes taken; when the Speaker ſays: "thoſe who are for "the queſtion, are to ſay *aye*, and thoſe who "are againſt it, *no!*" You then hear a confuſed cry of *aye* and *no*: but, at length, the Speaker ſays: "I think there are more *ayes* "than *noes*; or more *noes* than *ayes*. The "*ayes* have it; or the *noes* have it;" as the caſe may be. But all the ſpectators muſt then retire from the gallery: for then, and not till then, the voting really commences. And now the members call aloud to the gallery, *withdraw! withdraw!* On this the ſtrangers withdraw; and are ſhut up in a ſmall room, at the foot of the ſtairs till the voting is over, when they are again permitted to take their places in the gallery. Here I could not help wondering at the impatience even of poliſhed Engliſhmen; it is aſtoniſhing with what violence, and even rudeneſs, they puſh and joſtle one another, as ſoon as the room door is again opened; eager to gain the firſt and beſt ſeats in the gallery. In this manner we, the ſtrangers, have ſometimes been ſent away two or three times, in the courſe of one day, or rather evening; afterwards again permitted

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to return. Among theſe ſpectators are people of all ranks; and even, not unfrequently, ladies. Two ſhort-hand writers have ſat ſometimes not far diſtant from me, who, (though it is rather by ſtealth) endeavour to take down the words of the ſpeaker; and thus all that is very remarkable in what is ſaid in parliament, may generally be read *in print*, the next day. The ſhort-hand writers, whom I noticed, are ſuppoſed to be employed and paid by the editors of the different newſpapers. There are, it ſeems, ſome few perſons who are conſtant attendants on the parliament; and ſo they pay the door-keeper beforehand a guinea for a whole ſeſſion. I have now and then ſeen ſome of the members bring their ſons, whilſt quite little boys, and carry them to their ſeats along with themſelves.

A propoſal was once made to erect a gallery in the houſe of peers alſo, for the accommodation of ſpectators. But this never was carried into effect. There appears to be much more politeneſs and more courteous behaviour in the members of the upper houſe. But he who wiſhes to obſerve mankind, and to contemplate the leading traits of the different characters, moſt ſtrongly marked, will do

well to attend frequently the lower, rather than the other, houſe.

Laſt Tueſday was (what is here called) *hanging day*. There was alſo a parliamentary election: I *could* only ſee *one* of the two fights; and therefore naturally preferred the latter, while I only heard tolling at a diſtance the death-bell of the ſacrifice to juſtice. I now therefore am going to deſcribe to you, as well as I can, an

Election for a Member of Parliament.

The cities of London and Weſtminſter ſend, the one four, and the other two members to parliament. Mr. Fox is one of the two members for Weſtminſter; one ſeat was vacant; and that vacancy was now to be filled. And the ſame Sir Cecil Wray, whom Fox had before oppoſed to Lord Hood, was now publicly choſen. They tell me, that at theſe elections, when there is a ſtrong oppoſition-party, there is often bloody work; but this election was, in the electioneering phraſe, an *hollow thing*, i. e. quite ſure; as thoſe who had voted for Admiral Hood now withdrew, without ſtanding a poll; as being convinced beforehand, their chance to ſucceed was deſperate.

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The election was held in Covent-Garden, a large market-place, in the open air. There was a ſcaffold erected juſt before the door of a very handſome church, which alſo is called *St. Paul*'s; but which however is not to be compared to the cathedral.

A temporary edifice, formed only of boards and wood nailed together, was erected on the occaſion. It was called *the huſtings*: and filled with benches; and at one end of it, where the benches ended, mats were laid; on which thoſe, who ſpoke to the people, ſtood. In the area before the huſtings, immenſe multitudes of people were aſſembled; of whom the greateſt part ſeemed to be of the loweſt order. To this tumultuous crowd, however, the ſpeakers often bowed very low, and always addreſſed them by the title of *gentlemen*. Sir Cecil Wray was obliged to ſtep forward and promiſe theſe ſame *gentlemen*, with hand and heart, that he would faithfully fulfil his duties, as their repreſentative. He alſo made an apology, becauſe, on account of his journey and ill-health, he had not been able to wait on them, as became him, at their reſpective houſes. The moment that he began to ſpeak even this rude rabble became all as quiet as

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the raging ſea after a ſtorm; only every now and then rending the air with the parliamentary cry of *hear him! hear him!* and as ſoon as he had done ſpeaking, they again vociferated aloud an univerſal huzza, every one at the ſame time waving his hat.

And now, being formally declared to have been legally choſen, he again bowed moſt profoundly, and returned thanks for the great honour done him: when a well-dreſſed man, whoſe name I could not learn, ſtepped forward, and in a well indited ſpeech congratulated both the choſen and the chuſers. "Upon my word," ſaid a gruff carter, who ſtood near me, "that man ſpeaks well."

Even little boys clambered up and hung on the rails and on the lamp-poſts; and as if the ſpeeches had alſo been addreſſed to them, they too liſtened with the utmoſt attention: and they too teſtified their approbation of it, by joining luſtily in the three cheers, and waving their hats.

All the enthuſiaſm of my earlieſt years, kindled by the patriotiſm of the illuſtrious heroes of Rome, Coriolanus, Julius Cæſar, and Antony, were now revived in my mind: and though all I had juſt ſeen and heard, be,

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in fact, but the ſemblance of liberty, and that too tribunitial liberty, yet at that moment, I thought it charming, and it warmed my heart. Yes, depend on it, my friend, when you here ſee how, in this happy country, the loweſt and meaneſt member of ſociety, thus unequivocally teſtifies the intereſt which he takes in every thing of a public nature; when you ſee, how even women and children bear a part in the great concerns of their country; in ſhort, how high and low, rich, and poor, all concur in declaring their feelings and their convictions, that a carter, a common tar, or a ſcavenger, is ſtill a man, nay, an Engliſhman; and as ſuch has his rights and privileges defined and known as exactly and as well as his king, or as his king's miniſter—take my word for it, you will feel yourſelf very differently affected from what you are, when ſtaring at our ſoldiers in their exerciſes at Berlin.

When Fox, who was among the voters, arrived at the beginning of the election, he too was received with an univerſal ſhout of joy. At length, when it was nearly over, the people took it into their heads to hear him ſpeak, and every one called out, *Fox! Fox!* I know

know not why; but I ſeemed to catch ſome of the ſpirit of the place and time; and ſo I alſo bawled, *Fox, Fox!* and he was obliged to come forward and ſpeak: for no other reaſon that I could find, but that the people wiſhed to hear him ſpeak. In this ſpeech, he again confirmed, in the preſence of the people, his former declaration in parliament, that he by no means had any influence as miniſter of ſtate in this election, but only and merely as a private perſon.

When the whole was over, the rampant ſpirit of liberty, and the wild impatience of a genuine Engliſh mob, were exhibited in perfection. In a very few minutes the whole ſcaffolding, benches, and chairs, and every thing elſe, was completely deſtroyed; and the mat with which it had been covered torn into ten thouſand long ſtrips or pieces, or ſtrings; with which they *encircled* or encloſed multitudes of people of all ranks. Theſe they hurried along with them, and every thing elſe that came in their way, as trophies of joy: and thus, in the midſt of exultation and triumph, they paraded through many of the moſt populous ſtreets of London.

Whilſt

Whilſt in Pruſſia, poets only ſpeak of the love of country, as one of the deareſt of all human affections, here, there is no man who does not feel, and deſcribe with rapture how much he loves his country. "Yes, for my "country I'll ſhed the laſt drop of my "blood!" often exclaims little Jacky, the fine boy here in the houſe where I live, who is yet only about twelve years old. The love of their country and its unparalleled feats in war, are, in general, the ſubject of their ballads and popular ſongs, which are ſung about the ſtreets by women, who ſell them for a few farthings. It was only the other day our *Jacky* brought one home, in which the hiſtory of an admiral was celebrated, who bravely continued to command, even after his two legs were ſhot off, and he was obliged to be ſupported. I know not well by what means it has happened, that the king of England, who is certainly one of the beſt the nation ever had, is become unpopular. I know not how many times I have heard people of all ſorts object to their king, at the ſame time that they praiſed the king of Pruſſia to the ſkies. Indeed, with ſome, the veneration for our monarch went ſo far, that they

they ſeriouſly wiſhed he was their king. All that ſeems to ſhock and diſhearten them is the prodigious armies he keeps up; and the immenſe number of ſoldiers quartered in Berlin alone. Whereas in London, at leaſt in the city, not a ſingle troop of ſoldiers of the king's guard, dare make their appearance.

A few days ago, I ſaw (what is here deemed a great ſight) viz. a lord-mayor's proceſſion. The lord-mayor was in an enormous large gilt coach, which was followed by an aſtoniſhing number of moſt ſhewy carriages, in which the reſt of the city magiſtrates, more properly called aldermen of London, were ſeated.—But enough for the preſent.

London,

London, June 17th, 1782.

I HAVE now been pretty nearly all over London, and, according to my own notions, have now ſeen moſt of the things I was moſt anxious to ſee. Hereafter then, I propoſe to make an excurſion into the country; and this purpoſe, by the bleſſing of God, I hope to be able to carry into effect in a very few days, for my curioſity is here almoſt ſatiated. I ſeem to be tired and ſick of the ſmoke of theſe ſea-coal fires, and I long, with almoſt childiſh impatience, once more, to breathe a freſher and clearer air.

It muſt, I think, be owned, that upon the whole, London is neither ſo handſomely nor ſo well built as Berlin is, but then it certainly has far more fine ſquares. Of theſe there are many that in real magnificence, and beautiful ſymmetry, far ſurpaſs our *Gens d'Armes Markt*, our *Denhoſchen*, and *Williams Place*. Theſe ſquares, or quadrangular places, contain the beſt and moſt beautiful buildings of London: a ſpacious ſtreet, next to the houſes, goes all round them, and within that there is generally a round graſs-plot, railed in with iron

iron rails, in the centre of which, in many of them, there is a ſtatue, which ſtatues moſt commonly are equeſtrian and gilt. In Groſvenor-ſquare, inſtead of this green plot, or area, there is a little circular wood, intended, no doubt, to give one the idea of *rus in urbe*.

One of the longeſt and pleaſanteſt walks I have yet taken is from Paddington to Iſlington; where to the left you have a fine proſpect of the neighbouring hills, and in particular of the village of Hampſtead, which is built on one of them; and to the right the ſtreets of London furniſh an endleſs variety of intereſting views. It is true, that it is dangerous to walk here alone, eſpecially in the afternoon, and in an evening, or at night; for it was only laſt week that a man was robbed and murdered on this very ſame road.--But I now haſten to another and a more pleaſing topic:

The Britiſh Muſeum.

I have had the happineſs to become acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Woide; who, though well known, all over Europe, to be one of the moſt learned men of the age, is yet, if poſſible, leſs eſtimable for his learning, than

than he is for his unaffected goodneſs of heart. He holds a reſpectable office in the Muſeum, and was obliging enough to procure me permiſſion to ſee it, luckily the day before it was ſhut up. In general you muſt give in your name a fortnight before you can be admitted. But, after all, I am ſorry to ſay, it was the rooms, the glaſs caſes, the ſhelves, or the repoſitory for the books in the Britiſh Muſeum which I ſaw, and not the Muſeum itſelf, we were hurried on ſo rapidly through the apartments. The company, who ſaw it when and as I did, was various, and ſome of all ſorts; ſome, I believe, of the very loweſt claſſes of the people, of both ſexes; for, as it is the property of the nation, every one has the ſame right (I uſe the term of the country) to ſee it, that another has. I had Mr. Wendeborn's book in my pocket, and it, at leaſt, enabled me to take a ſomewhat more particular notice of ſome of the principal things; ſuch as the Egyptian mummy, an head of Homer, &c. The reſt of the company obſerving that I had ſome aſſiſtance, which they had not, ſoon gathered round me; I pointed out to them, as we went along, from Mr. Wendeborn's German book, what

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there was moſt worth ſeeing here. The gentleman, who conducted us, took little pains to conceal the contempt which he felt for my communications, when he found out that it was only a German deſcription of the Britiſh Muſeum I had got. The rapidly paſſing through this vaſt ſuite of rooms, in a ſpace of time, little, if at all, exceeding an hour; with leiſure juſt to caſt one poor longing look of aſtoniſhment on all theſe ſtupendous treaſures of natural curioſities, antiquities, and literature; in the contemplation of which you could with pleaſure ſpend years, and a whole life might be employed in the ſtudy of them—quite confuſes, ſtuns, and overpowers one. In ſome branches this collection is ſaid to be far ſurpaſſed by ſome others; but taken all together, and for ſize, it certainly is equalled by none. The few foreign divines, who travel through England, generally deſire to have the Alexandrian manuſcript ſhewn them, in order to be convinced, with their own eyes, whether the paſſage, "Theſe are the three that bear "record, &c." is to be found there or not.

The Rev. Mr. Woide lives at a place called Liſſon-ſtreet, not far from Paddington; a very village-looking little town, at the weſt end

end of London. It is quite a rural and pleaſant ſituation; for here, I either do, or fancy I do, already breathe a purer and freer air than in the midſt of the town. Of his great abilities, and particularly in oriental literature, I need not inform you; but it will give you pleaſure to hear that he is actually meditating a fac-ſimile edition of the Alexandrian M. S. I have already mentioned the infinite obligations I lie under to this excellent man for his extraordinary courteſy and kindneſs.

The Theatre in the Hay-market.

Laſt week I went twice to an Engliſh play-houſe. The firſt time *The Nabob* was repreſented, of which the late Mr. Foot was the author, and for the entertainment, a very pleaſing and laughable muſical farce, called *The Agreeable Surprize*; the ſecond time I ſaw *The Engliſh Merchant*; which piece has been tranſlated into German, and is known among us by the title of *The Scotchwoman*, or, *The Coffee-houſe*. I have not yet ſeen the theatres at Covent-garden and Drury-lane, becauſe they are not open in ſummer. The beſt actors alſo, uſually ſpend May and October in the country, and only perform in winter.

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A very few excepted, the comedians whom I ſaw, were certainly nothing extraordinary. For a ſeat in the boxes you pay five ſhillings, in the pit three, in the firſt gallery two, and in the ſecond, or upper gallery, one ſhilling. And it is the tenants in this upper gallery who, for their ſhilling, make all that noiſe and uproar, for which the Engliſh play-houſes are ſo famous. I was in the pit, which gradually riſes, amphi-theatre-wiſe, from the orcheſtra, and is furniſhed with benches, one above another, from the top to the bottom. Often, and often whilſt I ſat here, did a rotten orange, or pieces of the peel of an orange, fly paſt me, or paſt ſome of my neighbours, and once one of them actually hit my hat, without my daring to look round, for fear another might then hit me on my face.

All over London, as one walks, one every where, in the ſeaſon, ſees oranges to ſell; and they are in general ſold tolerably cheap, one and even ſometimes two for a halfpenny; or, in our money, three-pence. At the play-houſe, however, they charged me ſix-pence for one orange, and that no ways remarkably good.

Beſides this perpetual pelting from the gallery, which renders an Engliſh play-houſe ſo uncom-

uncomfortable, there is no end to their calling out and knocking with their ſticks, till the curtain is drawn up. I ſaw a miller's, or a baker's boy, thus like a huge booby, leaning over the rails and knocking, again and again, on the outſide, with all his might, ſo that he was ſeen by every body, without being in the leaſt aſhamed or abaſhed. I ſometimes heard too the people in the lower or middle gallery quarrelling with thoſe of the upper one. Behind me, in the pit, ſat a young fop, who, in order to diſplay his coſtly ſtone-buckles with the utmoſt brilliancy, continually put his foot on my bench, and even ſometimes upon my coat, which I could avoid only by ſparing him as much ſpace, from my portion of the ſeat, as would make him a foot-ſtool.

In the boxes, quite in a corner, ſat ſeveral ſervants, who were ſaid to be placed there, to keep the ſeats for the families they ſerved, till they ſhould arrive; they ſeemed to ſit remarkably cloſe and ſtill, the reaſon of which, I was told, was their apprehenſion of being pelted; for, if one of them dares but to look out of the box, he is immediately ſaluted with a ſhower of orange peel from the gallery.

In Foote's *Nabob* there are ſundry local and perſonal ſatires, which are entirely loſt to a foreigner. The character of the *Nabob* was performed by a Mr. Palmer. The jeſt of the character is, this Nabob, with many affected airs, and conſtant aims at gentility, is ſtill but a ſilly fellow, unexpectedly come into the poſſeſſion of immenſe riches, and therefore, of courſe, paid much court to by a ſociety of natural philoſophers, quakers, and I do not know who beſides. Being tempted to become one of their members, he is elected; and in order to ridicule theſe would-be philoſophers, but real knaves, a fine flowery fuſtian ſpeech is put into his mouth, which he delivers with prodigious pomp and importance, and is liſtened to by the philoſophers with infinite complacency. The two ſcenes of the quakers and philoſophers, who with countenances full of imaginary importance were ſeated at a green table, with their preſident at their head, while the ſecretary with the utmoſt care was making an inventory of the ridiculous preſents of the *Nabob*, were truly laughable. One of the laſt ſcenes was beſt received: It is that, in which the Nabob's friend and ſchool-fellow viſit him, and addreſs

addreſs him without ceremony, by his Chriſtian name; but to all their queſtions of "Whether he does not recollect them? "Whether he does remember ſuch and ſuch "a play? or ſuch and ſuch a ſcrape, into "which they had fallen in their youth? He uniformly anſwers with a look of ineffable contempt, only, "*No Sir!*" Nothing can poſſibly be more ludicrous, nor more comic.

The entertainment, *The Agreeable Surprize*, is really a very diverting farce. I obſerved that, in England alſo, they repreſent ſchool-maſters in ridiculous characters on the ſtage; which though I am ſorry for, I own I do not wonder at, as the pedantry of ſchool-maſters in England, they tell me, is carried, at leaſt, as far, as it is elſewhere. The ſame perſon who, in the play, performed the *ſchool-fellow* of the *Nabob* with a great deal of nature, and original humour, here acted the part of the ſchool-maſter; his name is *Edwin*, and he is, without doubt, one of the beſt actors of all that I have ſeen.

This ſchool-maſter is in love with a certain country girl, whoſe name is *Cowſlip*, to whom he makes a declaration of his paſſion in a ſtrange mythological, grammatical ſtile and

manner, and to whom, among other fooleries, he ſings, quite enraptured, the following air, and ſeems to work himſelf at leaſt up to ſuch a tranſport of paſſion, as quite over-powers him. He begins, you will obſerve, with the conjugation, and ends with the declenſions and the genders; the whole is inimitably droll.

" Amo, amas,
" I love a laſs,
" She is ſo ſweet and tender,
" It is ſweet *Cowſlip's* Grace
" In the Nominative Caſe,
" And in the feminine Gender."

Thoſe two ſentences in particular, *in the Nominative Caſe*, and in the *Feminine Gender*, he affects to ſing in a particularly languiſhing air, as if confident that it was irreſiſtible. This Edwin, in all his comic characters, ſtill preſerves ſomething ſo inexpreſſibly good tempered in his countenance, that notwithſtanding all his burleſques, and even groteſque buffoonery, you cannot but be pleaſed with him. I own, I felt myſelf doubly intereſted for every character which he repreſented. Nothing could equal the tone and countenance of ſelf-ſatisfaction, with which he anſwered one who aſked him whether he was a ſcholar?

ſcholar? "Why, I was a maſter of ſcholars." A Mrs. Webb repreſented a cheeſemonger, and played the part of a woman of the lower claſs, ſo naturally, as I have no where elſe ever ſeen equalled. Her huge, fat, and luſty carcaſe, and the whole of her external appearance ſeemed quite to be cut out for it.

Poor *Edwin* was obliged, as ſchool-maſter, to ſing himſelf almoſt hoarſe, as he ſometimes was called on to repeat his declenſion and conjugation-ſongs, two or three times, only becauſe it pleaſed the upper gallery, or *the gods*, as the Engliſh call them, to roar out, *encore!* Add to all this, he was farther forced to thank them with a low bow for the great honour done him by their applauſe.

One of the higheſt comic touches in the piece ſeemed to me to conſiſt in a lye, which always became more and more enormous in the mouths of thoſe who told it again, during the whole of the piece. This kept the audience in almoſt a continual fit of laughter. This farce is not yet printed, or I really think I ſhould be tempted to venture to make a tranſlation, or rather an imitation of it.

The Engliſh Merchant, or *The Scotchwoman*, I have ſeen much better performed abroad,

than it was here. Mr. Fleck, at Hamburg, in particular, played the part of *The English Merchant* with more intereſt, truth and propriety, than one *Aickin* did here. He ſeemed to me to fail totally in expreſſing the peculiar and original character of *Freeport*; inſtead of which, by his meaſured ſtep, and deliberate, affected manner of ſpeaking, he converted him into a mere fine gentleman.

The truſty old ſervant, who wiſhes to give up his life for his maſter, he too had the ſtately walk, or ſtrut, of a miniſter. The character of the *Newspaper Writer* was performed by the ſame Mr. Palmer, who acted the part of the *Nabob*; but every one ſaid, what I thought, that he made him far too much of a gentleman. His perſon and his dreſs alſo were too handſome for the character.

The character of *Amelia* was performed by an actreſs, who made her firſt appearance on the ſtage, and from a timidity, natural on ſuch an occaſion, and not unbecoming, ſpoke rather low, ſo that ſhe could not every where be heard; "*Speak louder! ſpeak louder!*" cried out ſome rude fellow from the upper gallery, and ſhe immediately, with infinite condeſcenſion,

ſcenſion, did all ſhe could, and not unſucceſsfully, to pleaſe even an upper gallery critic.

The perſons near me, in the pit, were often extravagantly laviſh of their applauſe. They ſometimes clapped a ſingle ſolitary ſentiment, that was almoſt as unmeaning as it was ſhort, if it happened to be pronounced only with ſome little emphaſis, or to contain ſome little point, ſome popular doctrine, a ſingularly pathetic ſtroke, or turn of wit.

The *Agreeable Surprize* was repeated; and I ſaw it a ſecond time with unabated pleaſure. It is become a favourite piece, and always announced with the addition of *the favourite muſical farce*. The theatre appeared to me ſomewhat larger than the one at Hamburg; and the houſe was both times very full.---Thus much for Engliſh plays, play-houſes, and players.

Engliſh Cuſtoms and Education.

A few words more reſpecting pedantry. I have ſeen the regulation of one ſeminary of learning, here called *an Academy*. Of theſe places of education, there is a prodigious number in London; though, notwithſtanding

ſtanding their pompous names, they are in reality nothing more than ſmall ſchools ſet up by private perſons, for children and young people.

One of the Engliſhmen, who were my travelling companions, made me acquainted with a *Dr. G*****, who lives near *P———*, and keeps an academy for the education of twelve young people, which number is here, as well as at our *Mr. Kumpe's*, never exceeded, and the ſame plan has been adopted and followed by many others, both here, and elſewhere.

At the entrance I perceived over the door of the houſe a large board, and written on it, *Dr. G****'s Academy*. Dr. G. received me with great courteſy as a foreigner, and ſhewed me his ſchool-room, which was furniſhed juſt in the ſame manner as the claſſes in our public ſchools are, with benches and a profeſſor's chair, or pulpit.

The uſher, at *Dr. G****'s*, is a young clergyman, who, ſeated alſo in a chair, or deſk, inſtructs the boys in the Greek and Latin Grammars.

Such an under-teacher is called an uſher; and by what I can learn, is commonly a tormented

mented being, exactly answering the exquisite description given of him in the Vicar of Wakefield. We went in, during the hours of attendance, and he was just hearing the boys decline their Latin, which he did in the old jog-trot way; and I own it had an odd sound to my ears, when, instead of pronouncing, for example *viri veeree*, I heard them say *viri, of the man*, exactly according to the English pronunciation, and *viro, to the man*. The case was just the same afterwards with the Greek.

*Mr. G***** invited us to dinner, when I became acquainted with his wife; a very genteel young woman, whose behaviour to the children was such, that she might be said to contribute more to their education than any one else. The children drank nothing but water. For every boarder, Dr. G. receives yearly no more than thirty pounds sterling; which, however, he complained of as being too little. From forty to fifty pounds is the most that is generally paid in these academies.

I told him of our improvements in the manner of education; and also spoke to him of the apparent great worth of character of his

uſher. He liſtened very attentively, but ſeemed to have thought little himſelf on this ſubject. Before and after dinner the Lord's Prayer was repeated in French, which is done in ſeveral places, as if they were eager not to waſte, without ſome improvement, even this opportunity alſo, to practiſe the French, and thus at once accompliſh two points. I afterwards told him my opinion of this ſpecies of prayer, which, however, he did not take amiſs.

After dinner the boys had leave to play in a very ſmall yard, which in moſt ſchools, or academies, in the City of London, is the *ne plus ultra* of their play-ground in their hours of recreation. But Mr. G**** has another garden at the end of the town, where he ſometimes takes them to walk.

After dinner Mr. G**** himſelf inſtructed the children in writing, arithmetic, and French, all which ſeemed to be well taught here; eſpecially writing, in which the young people in England, far ſurpaſs, I believe, all others. This may, perhaps, be owing to their having occaſion to learn only one ſort of letters. As the Midſummer holidays were now approaching (at which time

the

the children, in all the academies, go home for four weeks) every one was obliged with the utmoſt care to copy a written model, in order to ſhew it to their parents, becauſe this article is moſt particularly examined, as every body can tell what is, or is not good writing. The boys knew all the rules of ſyntax by heart.

All theſe academies are in general called boarding-ſchools. Some few retain the old name of ſchools only; though it is poſſible, that, in real merit, they may excel the ſo much-boaſted of academies.

It is in general the clergy, who have ſmall incomes, who ſet up theſe ſchools both in town and country; and grown up people, who are foreigners, are alſo admitted here to learn the Engliſh language. Mr. G**** charged for board, lodging, and inſtruction in the Engliſh, two guineas a week. He, however, who is deſirous of perfecting himſelf in the Engliſh, will do better to go ſome diſtance into the country, and board himſelf with any clergyman, who takes ſcholars, where he will hear nothing but Engliſh ſpoken, and may at every opportunity be taught both by young and old.

There are in England, beſides the two univerſities, but few great ſchools or colleges. In London there are only St. Paul's and Weſtminſter ſchools; the reſt are almoſt all private inſtitutions, in which there reigns a kind of family education, which is certainly the moſt natural, if properly conducted. Some few grammar ſchools, or Latin ſchools, are notwithſtanding here and there to be met with, where the maſter receives a fixed ſalary, beſides the ordinary profits of the ſchool, paid by the ſcholars.

You ſee in the ſtreets of London, great and little boys running about in long blue coats, which, like robes, reach quite down to the feet, and little white bands, ſuch as the clergy wear. Theſe belong to a charitable inſtitution, or ſchool, which bears the name of *the Blue Coat School*. The ſinging of the chroſters in the ſtreets, ſo uſual with us, is not at all cuſtomary here. Indeed, there is in England, or at leaſt in London, ſuch a conſtant walking, riding, and driving up and down, in the ſtreets, that it would not be very practicable. Parents, here in general, nay even thoſe of the loweſt claſſes, ſeem to be kind and indulgent to their children; and do not, like our common

common people, break their ſpirits too much by blows and ſharp language. Children ſhould certainly be enured early to ſet a proper value on themſelves: whereas, with us, parents of the lower claſs bring up their children to the ſame ſlavery under which they themſelves groan.

Notwithſtanding the conſtant new appetites and calls of faſhion, they here remain faithful to nature till a certain age. What a contraſt, when I figure to myſelf our petted, pale-faced Berlin boys, at ſix years old, with a large bag, and all the parade of grown up perſons, nay, even with laced coats; and here, on the contrary, ſee nothing but fine, ruddy, ſlim, active boys, with their boſoms open, and their hair cut on their forehead, whilſt behind it flows naturally in ringlets. It is ſomething uncommon here to meet a young man, and more eſpecially a boy, with a pale or ſallow face, with deformed features, or diſproportioned limbs. With us, alas! it is not to be concealed, the caſe is very much otherwiſe; if it were not, handſome people would hardly ſtrike us ſo very much as they do in this country.

This

This free, loose, and natural dress, is worn till they are eighteen, or even till they are twenty. It is then, indeed, discontinued by the higher ranks, but with the common people it always remains the same. They then begin to have their hair dressed, and curled with irons, to give the head a large bushy appearance, and half their backs are covered with powder. I am obliged to remain still longer under the hands of an English, than I was under a German, hair-dresser; and to sweat under his hot irons with which he curls my hair all over, in order that I may appear, among Englishmen, somewhat English. I must here observe that the English hair-dressers are also barbers, an office, however, which they perform very badly indeed; though I cannot but consider shaving, as a far more proper employment for these petit maîtres, than it is for surgeons, who, you know, in our country are obliged to shave us. It is incredible how much the English at present frenchify themselves; the only things yet wanting are bags and swords, with which, at least, I have seen no one walking publicly, but I am told they are worn at Court.

In

In the morning, it is usual to walk out in a sort of negligée, or morning-dress, your hair not dressed, but merely rolled up in rollers, and in a frock and boots. In Westminster, the morning lasts till four, or five o'clock, at which time they dine; and supper and going to bed are regulated accordingly. They generally do not breakfast till ten o'clock. The farther you go from the Court, into the City, the more regular and domestic the people become; and there they generally dine about three o'clock, *i. e.* as soon as the business or 'Change is over.

Trimmed suits are not yet worn, and the most usual dress is, in summer, a short white waistcoat, black breeches, white silk stockings, and a frock, generally of very dark blue cloth, which looks like black; and the English seem, in general, to prefer dark colours. If you wish to be full dress, you wear black. Officers rarely wear their uniforms, but dress like other people, and are to be known to be officers only by a cockade in their hats.

It is a common observation, that the more solicitous any people are about dress, the more effeminate they are. I attribute it entirely

to this idle adventitious paſſion for finery, that theſe people are become ſo over and above careful of their perſons; they are for ever, and on every occaſion, putting one another on their guard, againſt catching cold; "you'll certainly catch cold," they always tell you, if you happen to be a little expoſed to the draught of the air, or if you be not clad, as they think, ſufficiently warm. The general topic of converſation in ſummer, is, on the important objects of whether ſuch and ſuch an acquaintance be in town, or ſuch an one in the country. Far from blaming it, I think it natural and commendable, that nearly one half of the inhabitants of this great city migrate into the country in ſummer. And into the country, I too, though not a Londoner, hope ſoon to wander.

Electricity happens at preſent to be the puppet-ſhow of the Engliſh. Whoever at all underſtands electricity, is ſure of being noticed and ſucceſsful.—This, a certain Mr. Katterfelto experiences, who gives himſelf out for a *Pruſſian*, ſpeaks bad Engliſh, and underſtands, beſide the uſual electrical and philoſophical experiments, ſome *leger-de-main tricks*, with which, (at leaſt, according to the papers)

papers) he ſets the whole world in wonder. For, in almoſt every newſpaper that appears, there are ſome verſes on the great Katterfelto, which ſome one or other of his hearers are ſaid to have made extempore. Every ſenſible perſon conſiders Katterfelto as a puppy, an ignoramus, a braggadocio, and an impoſtor; notwithſtanding which he has a number of followers. He has demonſtrated to the people, that the influenza is occaſioned by a ſmall kind of inſect, which poiſons the air, and a noſtrum, which he pretends to have found out, to prevent or deſtroy it, is eagerly bought of him. A few days ago he put into the papers: "It is true, that Mr. Katterfelto "has always wiſhed for cold and rainy wea-"ther, in order to deſtroy the pernicious "inſects in the air; but now, on the contrary, "he wiſhes for nothing more than for fair "weather, as his Majeſty and the whole royal "family have determined, the firſt fine day, "to be eye witneſſes of the great *wonder*, "which this learned philoſopher will render "viſible to them." Yet all this while the royal family have not ſo much as even *thought* of ſeeing the wonders of Mr. Katterfelto. This kind of rodomontade is very finely ex-

preſſed

preſſed in Engliſh by the word *puff*, which in its literal ſenſe, ſignifies a blowing, or violent guſt of wind, and in the metaphorical ſenſe, a boaſting, or bragging.

Of ſuch *puffs* the Engliſh newſpapers are daily full; particularly of quack medicines, and empirics; by means of which many a one here (and among others, a German, who goes by the name of the German Doctor) are become rich. An advertiſement of a lottery in the papers begins with capitals in this manner:—"Ten Thouſand Pounds for a Six-"pence! Yes, however aſtoniſhing it may "ſeem, it is nevertheleſs undoubtedly true "that, for the ſmall ſtake of ſixpence, ten "thouſand pounds and other capital prizes "may be won, &c."—But enough for this time of the *puffs* of the Engliſh.

I yeſterday dined with the Rev. Mr. Schrader, ſon-in-law to profeſſor Foſter, of Halle. He is chaplain to the German chapel at St. James's; but beſides himſelf, he has a colleague, or a reader, who is alſo in orders, but has only fifty pounds yearly ſalary. Mr. Schrader alſo inſtructs the younger princes and princeſſes of the royal family in their religion. At his houſe I ſaw the two

chaplains,

chaplains, Mr. Lindeman and Mr. Krittet, who went with the Hanoverian troops to Minorca, and who were returned with the garriſon. They were expoſed to every danger along with the troops. The German clergy, as well as every other perſon in any public ſtation, immediately under government, are obliged to pay a conſiderable tax out of their ſalaries.

The Engliſh clergy (and I fear, thoſe ſtill more particularly who live in London) are noticeable, and lamentably conſpicuous, by a very free, ſecular, and irregular way of life. Since my reſidence in England, one has fought a duel in Hyde-Park, and ſhot his antagoniſt. He was tried for the offence, and it was evident the judge thought him guilty of murder: but the jury declared him guilty only of manſlaughter; and on this verdict, he was burnt in the hand, if that may be called burning which is done with a cold iron: this being a privilege which the nobility and clergy enjoy above other murderers.

Yeſterday week, after I had preached for Mr. Wendeborne, we paſſed an Engliſh Church, in which, we underſtood, the ſermon

was

was not yet quite finiſhed. On this we went in, and then I heard a young man preaching, with a tolerable good voice, and a proper delivery; but, like the Engliſh in general, his manner was unimpaſſioned, and his tone monotonous. From the church we went to a coffee-houſe, oppoſite to it, and there we dined. We had not been long there before the ſame clergyman, whom we had juſt heard preaching, alſo came in. He called for pen and ink, and haſtily wrote down a few pages on a long ſheet of paper, which he put into his pocket; I ſuppoſe it was ſome rough ſketch, or memorandum, that occurred to him at that moment, and which he thus reſerved for ſome future ſermon. He too ordered ſome dinner; which he had no ſooner eat than he returned immediately to the ſame church. We followed him, and he again mounted the pulpit, where he drew from his pocket a written paper, or book of notes, and delivered, in all probability, thoſe very words, which he had juſt before compoſed in our preſence, at the coffee-houſe.

In theſe coffee-houſes, however, there generally prevails a very decorous ſtillneſs and ſilence. Every one ſpeaks ſoftly to thoſe only

who

who ſit next him. The greater part read the newſpapers, and no one ever diſturbs another. The room is commonly on the ground floor, and you enter it immediately from the ſtreet; the ſeats are divided by wooden wainſcot partitions. Many letters and projects are here written and planned, and many of thoſe that you find in the papers are dated from ſome of theſe coffee-houſes. There is, therefore, nothing incredible, nor very extraordinary, in a perſon's compoſing a ſermon here, excepting that one would imagine it might have been done better at home, and certainly ſhould not have thus been put off to the laſt minute.

Another long walk that I have taken pretty often is through Hanover-ſquare and Cavendiſh-ſquare, to Bullſtrode-ſtreet, near Paddington, where the Daniſh Ambaſſador lives, and where I have often viſited the Daniſh Chargée d'Affaires, Mr. Schornborn. He is well known in Germany, as having attempted to tranſlate Pindar into German. Beſides this, and beſides being known to be a man of genius, he is known to be a great proficient in moſt of the branches of natural philoſophy. I have ſpent many very pleaſant hours with him.

Sublime

Sublime poetry, and, in particular, odes, are his forte; there are indeed few departments of learning, in which he has not extenſive knowledge, and he is alſo well read in the Greek and Roman authors. Every thing he ſtudies, he ſtudies merely from the love he bears to the ſcience itſelf, and by no means for the love of fame. One could hardly help ſaying it is a pity that ſo excellent a man ſhould be ſo little known, were it not generally the caſe with men of tranſcendent merit. But what makes him ſtill more valuable is his pure and open ſoul, and his amiable unaffected ſimplicity of character, which has gained him the love and confidence of all who know him. He has, heretofore, been Secretary to the Ambaſſador at Algiers; and even here, in London, when he is not occupied by the buſineſs ariſing from his public ſtation, he lives exceedingly retired, and devotes his time almoſt entirely to the ſtudy of the ſciences. The more agreeable I find ſuch an acquaintance, the harder it will be for me to loſe, as I ſoon muſt, his learned, his inſtructive, and his friendly converſation.

I have ſeen the large Freemaſon's Hall here, at the tavern of the ſame name. This hall is of an aſtoniſhing height and breadth,

and to me it looked almoſt like a church. The orcheſtra is very much raiſed, and from that you have a fine view of the whole hall, which makes a majeſtic appearance. The building is ſaid to have coſt an immenſe ſum. But to that the lodges in Germany alſo contributed. Free-maſonry ſeems to be held in but little eſtimation in England, perhaps, becauſe moſt of the lodges are now degenerated into mere drinking clubs; though, I hope, there ſtill are ſome, who aſſemble for nobler and more eſſential purpoſes. The Duke of Cumberland is now Grand Maſter.

London, 20th June, 1782.

AT length, my determination of going into the country, takes effect; and I am to ſet off this very afternoon in a ſtage: ſo that I now write to you my laſt letter from London, I mean till I return from my pilgrimage; for as ſoon as ever I have got beyond the dangerous neighbourhood of London, I ſhall certainly no longer ſuffer myſelf to be cooped up in a poſt-coach; but take my ſtaff and purſue my journey on foot. In the mean time however I will relate to you, what I may either have forgotten to write before, or, what I have ſeen worth notice, within theſe few days laſt paſt, among which the foremoſt is

St. Paul's.

I muſt own that, on my entrance into this maſſy building, an uncommon vacancy, which ſeemed to reign in it, rather damped, than raiſed, an impreſſion of any thing majeſtic in me. All around me I could ſee nothing but immenſe bare walls and pillars. Above me, at an aſtoniſhing height, was the vaulted ſtone roof; and beneath me, a plain, flat, even floor,

floor, paved with marble. No altar was to be ſeen, or any other ſign that this was a place where mankind aſſembled to adore the Almighty. For, the church itſelf, or properly that part of it where they perform divine ſervice, ſeems as it were a piece ſtuck on or added to the main edifice; and is ſeparated from the large round empty ſpace by an iron gate, or door. Did the great architects, who adopted this ſtile of building, mean by this to ſay that ſuch a temple is moſt proper for the adoration of the Almighty? If this was their aim, I can only ſay, I admire the great temple of nature; the azure vaulted ſky, and the green carpet, with which the earth is ſpread. This is truly a large temple; but then there is in it no void, no ſpot unappropriated, or unfilled: but every where proofs in abundance of the preſence of the Almighty. If however, mankind, in their honeſt ambition, to worſhip the Great God of Nature, in a ſtile not wholly unſuitable to the great object of their reverence, and in their humble efforts at magnificence, aim, in ſome degree, to rival the magnificence of nature, particular pains ſhould be taken to hit on ſomething that might atone for the unavoid-

able loſs of the animation, and ampleneſs, of nature: ſomething in ſhort, that ſhould clearly indicate the true and appropriated deſign and purpoſe of ſuch a building. If, on the other hand, I could be contented to conſider St. Paul's merely as a work of art; built as if merely to ſhew the amazing extent of human powers, I ſhould certainly gaze at it with admiration and aſtoniſhment: but then I wiſh rather to contemplate it with awe and veneration. But, I perceive, I am wandering out of my way: St. Paul's is here, as it is, a noble pile, and not unworthy this great nation. And even if I were ſure that I could, you would hardly thank me for ſhewing you, how it might have been ſtill more worthy of this intelligent people. I make a conſcience however of telling you always, with fidelity, what impreſſion every thing I ſee or hear, makes on me at the time. For a ſmall ſum of money, I was conducted all over the church, by a man, whoſe office it ſeemed to be, and he repeated to me, I dare ſay, exactly his leſſon, which no doubt he had perfectly got by rote; of how many feet long and broad it was; how many years it was in building, and in what year built: much of this rigmarole ſtory,

ſtory, which, like a parrot, he repeated mechanically, I could willingly have diſpenſed with. In the part that was ſeparated from the reſt by the iron gate, above mentioned, was what I call the church itſelf; furniſhed with benches, pews, pulpit, and an altar; and on each ſide, ſeats for the choriſters, as there are in our cathedrals. This church ſeemed to have been built purpoſely in ſuch a way, that the Biſhop, or Dean, or Dignitary, who ſhould preach there, might not be obliged to ſtrain his voice too much. I was now conducted to that part, which is called the whiſpering gallery, which is a circumference of prodigious extent, juſt below the cupola. Here I was directed to place myſelf in a part of it directly oppoſite to my conductor, on the other ſide of the gallery, ſo that we had the whole breadth of the church between us; and here as I ſtood, he, knowing his cue no doubt, flung to the door, with all his force, which gave a ſound that I could compare to nothing leſs than a peal of thunder. I was next deſired to apply my ear to the wall, which, when I did, I heard the words of my conductor: "*can you hear me?*" Which he ſoftly whiſpered quite on the other ſide, as

plain and as loud, as one commonly ſpeaks to a deaf perſon. This ſcheme to condenſe and invigorate ſound at ſo great a diſtance, is really wonderful. I once noticed ſome ſound of the ſame ſort, in the ſenatorial cellar at Bremen; but neither that, nor I believe any other in the world, can pretend to come in competition with this.

I now aſcended ſeveral ſteps to the great gallery, which runs on the outſide of the great dome, and here I remained nearly two hours, as I could hardly, in leſs time, ſatisfy myſelf with the proſpect of the various intereſting objects that lay all round me; and which can no where be better ſeen, than from hence.

Every view, and every object I ſtudied attentively, by viewing them again and again on every ſide: for I was anxious to make a laſting impreſſion of it on my imagination. Below me, lay ſteeples, houſes, and palaces in countleſs numbers; the ſquares with their graſs plots in their middle that lay agreeably diſperſed and intermixed, with all the huge cluſters of buildings, forming, mean-while, a pleaſing contraſt, and a relief to the jaded eye.

At

At one end roſe the Tower, itſelf a city, with a wood of maſts behind it; and at the other Weſtminſter Abbey with its ſteeples. There I beheld, clad in ſmiles, thoſe beautiful green hills, that ſkirt the environs of Paddington and Iſlington: here on the oppoſite bank of the Thames, lay Southwark; the City itſelf it ſeems to be impoſſible for any eye to take in entirely, for, with all my pains, I found it impoſſible to aſcertain, either where it ended, or where the circumjacent villages began: far as the eye could reach, it ſeemed to be all one continued chain of buildings.

I well remember how large I thought Berlin, when I firſt ſaw it, from the ſteeple of St. Mary, and from the Temple Yard Hills: but how did it now ſink and fall in my imagination, when I compared it with London!

It is however idle and vain to attempt giving you, in words, any deſcription, however faint and imperfect, of ſuch a proſpect as I have juſt been viewing. He who wiſhes at one view to ſee a world in miniature, muſt come to the dome of St. Paul's.

The roof of St. Paul's itſelf with its two leſſer ſteeples, lay below me, and as I fancied, looked ſomething like the back ground of a ſmall ridge of hills, which you look down upon, when you have attained the ſummit of ſome huge rock or mountain. I ſhould gladly have remained here ſometime longer, but a guſt of wind which, in this ſituation, was ſo powerful, that it was hardly poſſible to withſtand it, drove me down.

Notwithſtanding that St. Paul's is itſelf very high, the elevation of the ground on which it ſtands, conrtibutes greatly to its elevation.

The church of St. Peter at Berlin, notwithſtanding the total difference between them in the ſtile of building, appears, in ſome reſpects, to have a great reſemblance to St. Paul's, in London. At leaſt its large high black roof, riſes above the other ſurrounding buildings juſt as St. Paul's does.

What elſe I ſaw in this ſtately cathedral, was only a wooden model of this very edifice; which was made before the church was built, and which ſuggeſts ſome not unpleaſing reflections, when one compares it with the enormous building itſelf.

The church-yard is encloſed with an iron rail;

rail; and it appears a conſiderable diſtance, if you go all round.

Owing to ſome cauſe or other, the ſight of St. Paul's ſtrikes you, as being confined; and it is certain, that this beautiful church is on every ſide cloſely ſurrounded by houſes.

A marble ſtatue of Queen Anne, in an encloſed piece of ground in the weſt front of the church, is ſomething of an ornament to that ſide.

The ſize of the bell of St. Paul's is alſo worthy of notice, as it is reckoned one of thoſe that are deemed the largeſt in Europe. It takes its place they ſay next to that at Vienna.

Every thing that I ſaw in St. Paul's coſt me only a little more than a ſhilling, which I paid in pence and halfpence, according to a regulated price, fixed for every different curioſity.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

On a very gloomy diſmal day, juſt ſuch an one as it ought to be, I went to ſee Weſtminſter Abbey.

I entered at a ſmall door, which brought me immediately to *the poets' corner*, where the monuments and buſts of the principal

poets, artiſts, generals, and great men, are placed.

Not far from the door, immediately on my entrance, I perceived the ſtatue of Shakeſpeare, as large as life; with a band &c. in the dreſs uſual in his time.

A paſſage out of one of Shakeſpeare's own plays, (the tempeſt,) in which he deſcribes in the moſt ſolemn and affecting manner, the end, or the diſſolution of all things, is here, with great propriety, put up as his epitaph; as though none but Shakeſpeare could do juſtice to Shakeſpeare.

Not far from this immortal bard is Rowe's monument, which, as is intimated in the few lines that are inſcribed as his epitaph, he himſelf had deſired to be placed there.

At no great diſtance, I ſaw the buſt of that amiable writer, Goldſmith; to whom, as well as to Butler, whoſe monument is in a diſtant part of the Abbey, though they had ſcarcely neceſſary bread to eat during their life time, handſome monuments are now raiſed. Here, too you ſee, almoſt in a row, the monuments of Milton, Dryden, Gay, and Thompſon. The inſcription on Gay's tomb-ſtone is, if not

actually

actually immoral, yet futile and weak; though he is said to have written it himself,

"Life is a jest, and all things shew it,
"I thought so once, but now I know it."

Our Handel has also a monument here, where he is represented as large as life.

An actress, Pritchard, and Booth, an actor, have also very distinguished monuments erected here to their memories.

For Newton, as was proper, there is a very costly one. It is above, at the entrance of the choir, and exactly opposite to this, at the end of the church, another is erected, which refers you to the former.

As I passed along the side walls of Westminster Abbey, I hardly saw any thing but marble monuments of great admirals, but which were all too much loaded with finery and ornaments, to make, on me at least, the intended impression.

I always returned with most pleasure to *the poets' corner*, where the most sensible, the most able, and most learned men, of the different ages, were re-assembled; and particularly where the elegant simplicity of the monuments,

made an elevated and affecting impreſſion on the mind, while a perfect recollection of ſome favourite paſſage, of a Shakeſpeare, or Milton, recurred to my idea, and ſeemed for a moment to re-animate and bring back the ſpirits of thoſe truly great men.

Of Addiſon and Pope I have found no monuments here. The vaults where the Kings are buried, and ſome other things worth notice in the Abbey, I have not yet ſeen; but perhaps I may at my return to London from the country.

I have made every neceſſary preparation for this journey. In the firſt place, I have an accurate map of England in my pocket; beſides an excellent book of the roads, which Mr. Pointer, the Engliſh Merchant to whom I am recommended, has lent me: The title is, "A New and accurate deſcription of all "the direct, and principal croſs Roads in "Great-Britain." This book, I hope, will be of great ſervice to me in my ramblings.

I was for a long time undecided which way I ſhould go, whether to the Iſle of Wight, to Portſmouth, or to Derbyſhire, which is famous for its natural curioſities, and alſo for its

romantic ſituation. At length I have determined on Derbyſhire.

During my abſence I leave my trunk at Mr. Mulhauſen's, (one of Mr. Pointer's ſenior partners) that I may not be at the needleſs expence of paying for my lodging without making uſe of it. This Mr. Pointer lived long in Germany, and is politely partial to us and our language, and ſpeaks it well. He is a well bred, and ſingularly obliging man; and one who poſſeſſes a vaſt fund of information, and a good taſte. I cannot but feel myſelf happy in having obtained a recommendation to ſo accompliſhed a man: I got it from Meſſrs. Perſent and Dorner, to whom I had the honour to be recommended by Mr. von Taubenheim, Privy Counſellor at Berlin. Theſe recommendations have been of infinite uſe to me.

I propoſe to go to day as far as Richmond; for which place a Stage ſets out about two o'clock from ſome inn, not far from the New Church in the Strand. Four guineas, ſome linen, my Engliſh book of the roads, and a map and pocket-book, together with Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, which I muſt put in my

pocket, compoſe the whole of my equipage; and I hope to walk very lightly with it. But it now ſtrikes half paſt one; and of courſe it is time for me to be at the ſtage. Farewell! I will write to you again from Richmond.

Rich-

Richmond, 21ſt June, 1782.

YESTERDAY afternoon I had the luxury, for the firſt time, of being driven in an Engliſh ſtage. Theſe coaches are at leaſt in the eyes of a foreigner, quite elegant, lined in the inſide; and with two ſeats large enough to accommodate ſix perſons: but it muſt be owned, when the carriage is full, the company are rather crowded.

At the White-hart from whence the coach ſets out, there was, at firſt, only an elderly lady who got in; but as we drove along, it was ſoon filled, and moſtly by ladies, there being only one more gentleman and myſelf. The converſation of the ladies among themſelves, who appeared to be a little acquainted with each other, ſeemed to me to be but very inſipid and tireſome. All I could do was, I drew out my book of the roads, and marked the way we were going.

Before you well know that you are out of London, you are already in Kenſington and Hammerſmith; becauſe there are all the way houſes on both ſides, after you are out of the City; juſt as you may remember the caſe is with

with us when you drive from Berlin to Schoneberg; although in point of proſpect, houſes, and ſtreets, the difference, no doubt, is prodigious.

It was a fine day, and there were various delightful proſpects on both ſides, on which the eye would willingly have dwelt longer, had not our coach rolled on paſt them, ſo provokingly quick. It appeared ſomewhat ſingular to me, when, at a few miles from London, I ſaw at a diſtance a beautiful white houſe; and perceived on the high-road, on which we were driving, a direction-poſt, on which were written theſe words: "that great white houſe, at a diſtance, is a boarding ſchool!"

The man who was with us in the coach pointed out to us the country ſeats of the lords and great people, by which we paſſed; and entertained us with all kind of ſtories of robberies, which had been committed on travellers, hereabouts: ſo that the ladies at laſt began to be rather afraid; on which he began to ſtand up for the ſuperior honour of the Engliſh robbers, when compared with the French: the former he ſaid robbed only, the latter both robbed and murdered.

Not-

Notwithſtanding this, there are in England another ſpecies of villains, who alſo murder, and that oftentimes for the mereſt trifle, of which they rob the perſon murdered. Theſe are called *Footpads*, and are the loweſt claſs of Engliſh rogues; amongſt whom in general there reigns ſomething like ſome regard to character.

The higheſt order of thieves are the pickpockets, or cutpurſes, whom you find every where; and ſometimes even in the beſt companies. They are generally well and handſomely dreſſed, ſo that you take them to be perſons of rank; as indeed may ſometimes be the caſe: perſons who by extravagance and exceſſes have reduced themſelves to want, and find themſelves obliged at laſt to have recourſe to pilfering and thieving.

Next to them come the highwaymen, who rob on horſe-back; and often, they ſay, even with unloaded piſtols they terrify travellers, in order to put themſelves in poſſeſſion of their purſes. Among theſe perſons, however, there are inſtances of true greatneſs of ſoul, there are numberleſs inſtances of their returning a part of their booty, where the party robbed has appeared to be particularly

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diſtreſſed; and they are ſeldom guilty of murder.

Then comes the third and loweſt, and worſt of all thieves and rogues, the footpads before mentioned; who are on foot, and often murder in the moſt inhuman manner, for the ſake of only a few ſhillings, any unfortunate people who happen to fall in their way. Of this ſeveral mournful inſtances may be read almoſt daily in the Engliſh papers. Probably they murder becauſe they cannot like highwaymen, aided by their horſes, make a rapid flight; and therefore ſuch peſts are frequently pretty eaſily purſued and taken, if the perſon robbed gives information of his robbery in time.

But, to return to our ſtage, I muſt obſerve, that they have here a curious way of riding, not in, but upon a ſtage-coach. Perſons to whom it is not convenient to pay a full price, inſtead of the inſide, ſit on the top of the coach, without any ſeats or even a rail. By what means paſſengers thus faſten themſelves ſecurely on the roof of theſe vehicles, I know not; but you conſtantly ſee numbers ſeated there, apparently at their eaſe, and in perfect ſafety.

This

This they call riding on the outside; for which they pay only half as much as those pay who are within: we had at present six of these passengers over our heads, who, when we alighted, frequently made such a noise and bustle, as sometimes almost frightened us. He who can properly balance himself, rides not incommodiously on the outside; and in summer time, in fine weather, on account of the prospects, it certainly is more pleasant than it is within: excepting that the company is generally low, and the dust is likewise more troublesome than in the inside, where, at any rate, you may draw up the windows according to your pleasure.

In Kensington where we stopped, a Jew applied for a place along with us; but as there was no seat vacant in the inside, he would not ride on the outside; which seemed not quite to please my travelling companions. They could not help thinking it somewhat preposterous, that a Jew should be ashamed to ride on the outside, or on any side, and in any way; since, as they added, he was nothing more than a Jew. This antipathy and prejudice against the Jews, I have noticed to be far more common here, than it is even

with

with us, who certainly are not partial to them.

Of the beautiful country ſeats and villas which we now paſſed, I could only through the windows of our coach gain a partial and indiſtinct proſpect; which led me to wiſh, as I ſoon moſt earneſtly did, to be releaſed from this moveable priſon. Towards evening we arrived at Richmond. In London, before I ſet out, I had paid one ſhilling: another was now demanded; ſo that, upon the whole, from London to Richmoud, the paſſage in the ſtage coſts juſt two ſhillings.

As ſoon as I had alighted at an Inn and had drank my tea, I went out immediately to ſee the town and the circumjacent country.

Even this town, though hardly out of ſight of London, is more countryfied, pleaſanter, and more cheerful than London, and the houſes do not ſeem to be ſo much blackened by ſmoke. The people alſo appeared to me here more ſociable, and more hoſpitable. I ſaw ſeveral ſitting on benches before their doors, to enjoy the cool breeze of the evening. On a large green area in the middle of the town, a number of boys and even young men, were enjoying themſelves, and playing

playing at trap-ball. In the ſtreets there reigned here, compared to London, a pleaſing rural tranquillity; and I breathed a purer and freſher air.

I now went out of the town over a bridge, which lies acroſs the Thames, and where you pay a penny as often as you paſs over it. The bridge is lofty, and built in the form of an arch, and from it you enter immediately into a moſt charming valley, that winds all along the banks of the Thames.

It was evening; the ſun was juſt ſhedding her laſt parting rays on the valley: but ſuch an evening, and ſuch a valley! O, it is impoſſible I ſhould ever forget them. The terrace at Richmond does aſſuredly afford one of the fineſt proſpects in the world. Whatever is charming in nature, or pleaſing in art, is to be ſeen here. Nothing I had ever ſeen, or ever can ſee elſewhere, is to be compared to it. My feelings during the few ſhort enraptured minutes that I ſtood there, it is impoſſible for any pen to deſcribe.

One of my firſt ſenſations was, chagrin and ſorrow for the days and hours I had waſted in London; and I vented a thouſand bitter reproaches on my irreſolution, that I had not

long

long ago quitted that huge dungeon, to come here, and paſs my time in paradiſe.

Yes, my friend, whatever be your ideas of paradiſe, and how luxuriantly foever it may be depictured to your imagination, I venture to foretel, that here you will be ſure to find all thoſe ideas realized. In every point of view, Richmond is aſſuredly one of the firſt ſituations in the world. Here it was that Thomſon and Pope gleaned from nature all thoſe beautiful paſſages with which their inimitable writings abound.

Inſtead of the inceſſant diſtreſſing noiſe in London, I ſaw here at a diſtance ſundry little family parties walking arm in arm along the banks of the Thames. Every thing breathed a ſoft and pleaſing calm, which warmed my heart; and filled it with ſome of the moſt pleaſing ſenſations, of which our nature is ſuſceptible.

Beneath I trod on that freſh, even, and ſoft verdure, which is to be ſeen only in England: on one ſide of me lay a wood, than which nature cannot produce a finer; and on the other, Thames with its ſhelvy bank and charming lawns, riſing like an amphitheatre; along which, here and there, one eſpies a pic-

turesque

turesque white house, aspiring, in majestic simplicity, to pierce the dark foliage of the surrounding trees; thus, studding, like stars in the galaxy, the rich expanse of this charming vale.

Sweet Richmond! never, no never shall I forget that lovely evening, when from thy fairy hills thou didst so hospitably smile on me, a poor lonely, insignificant stranger! As I traversed to and fro thy meads, thy little swelling hills, and flowery dells, and above all, that queen of all rivers, thy own majestic Thames, I forgot all sublunary cares, and thought only of heaven and heavenly things. Happy, thrice happy am I, I again and again exclaimed, that I am no longer in yon gloomy city, but here in *Elysium*, in Richmond!

O ye copsy hills, ye green meadows, and ye rich streams in this blessed country,—how have ye enchanted me! Still however, let me recollect, and resolve, as I firmly do, that even ye shall not prevent my return to those barren and dusty lands, where my, perhaps a less indulgent, destiny has placed me; and where, in the due discharge of all the arduous and important duties of that humble function, to which providence has called me, I must

and

and I will faithfully exert my beſt talents; and in that exertion find pleaſure, and I truſt, happineſs. In every future moment of my life, however, the recollection of this ſcene, and the feelings it inſpired, ſhall cheer my labours, and invigorate my efforts.

Theſe were ſome of my reflections, my deareſt friend, during my ſolitary walk. Of the evening I paſſed at Richmond, I ſpeak feebly, when I content myſelf with ſaying only, it was one of the pleaſanteſt I ever ſpent in my life.

I now reſolved to go to bed early, with a firm purpoſe of alſo riſing early the next day, to reviſit this charming walk. For I thought to myſelf, I have now ſeen this *Tempe* of the modern world imperfectly; I have ſeen it only by moon-light: how much more charming muſt it be, when gliſtening with the morning dew! Theſe fond hopes alas! were all diſappointed. In all great ſchemes of enjoyment, it is I believe, no bad way always to figure to yourſelf ſome poſſible evil that may ariſe; and to anticipate a diſappointment. If I had done ſo, I ſhould not perhaps have felt the mortification I then experienced, quite ſo pungent. By ſome means or other I ſtaid

too

too long out, and ſo when I returned to Richmond, I had forgot the name and the ſign of the inn, where I had before ſtopped; it coſt me no little trouble to find it again.

When at laſt, I got back, I told the people, what a ſweet walk I had had; and they then ſpoke much of a proſpect from a neighbouring hill, known by the name of *Richmond Hill*, which was the very ſame hill, from the top of which I had juſt been gazing, at the houſes in the vale the preceding evening. From this ſame hill, therefore, I reſolved the next morning to ſee the ſun riſe.

The landlady of this houſe was a notable one; and talked ſo much and ſo loud to her ſervants, that I could not get to ſleep, till it was pretty late. However, I was up next morning at three o'clock: and was now particularly ſenſible of the great inconveniences they ſuſtain in England by their bad cuſtom of riſing ſo late: for, as I was the only one in this family who was up, I could not get out of the houſe. This obliged me to ſpend three moſt irkſome and heavy hours till ſix o'clock; however, a ſervant, at length, opened the door; and I ruſhed out, to climb Richmond-hill. To my

my infinite diſappointment, within the ſpace of an hour, the ſky had become overcaſt, and it was now ſo cloudy, that I could not even ſee, nor of courſe enjoy, one half of the delightful proſpect that lay before me.

On the top of this hill is an alley of cheſnut-trees, under which here and there ſeats are placed. Behind the alley is a row of well built gentlemen's country ſeats: one does not wonder to ſee it thus occupied; beſides the pure air, the proſpect exceeds every thing elſe of the kind in the world. I never ſaw a palace, which (if I were the owner of it) I would not give for any of the houſes I now ſaw on Richmond Terrace.

The deſcent of the hill to the Thames is covered with verdure. The Thames, at the foot of it, forms near a ſemi-circle; in which it ſeems to embrace woody plains, with meadows and country ſeats in its boſom. On one ſide you ſee the town with its magnificent bridge; and on the other a dark wood.

At a diſtance you could perceive peeping out among the meadows and woods ſundry ſmall villages, ſo that notwithſtanding the dullneſs of the weather, this proſpect, even now, was one of the fineſt I had ever ſeen.

But

But what is the reaſon, that yeſterday evening my feelings were far more acute and lively, the impreſſions made on me much ſtronger, when from the vale I viewed the hill, and fancied that there was in it every thing that was delightful, than they are this morning, when from the hill itſelf I overlooked the vale, and knew pretty exactly what it contained?

I have now finiſhed my breakfaſt; and, once more ſeize my ſtaff, (the only companion I have) and now again, ſet out on this romantic journey on foot. From Windſor you ſhall hear more of me.

Windſor, 13th June.

I HAVE already, my deareſt friend, now that I write to you from hence, experienced ſo many inconveniences as a traveller on foot, that I am at ſome loſs to determine, whether or no, I ſhall go on with my journey in the ſame manner.

A traveller on foot in this country ſeems to be conſidered as a ſort of wild man, or an out-of-the-way being, who is ſtared at, pitied, ſuſpected, and ſhunned by every body that meets him. At leaſt this has hitherto been my caſe, on the road from Richmond to Windſor.

My hoſt at Richmond, yeſterday morning, could not ſufficiently expreſs his ſurprize, that I intended to venture to walk as far as Oxford, and ſtill farther. He however was ſo kind as to ſend his ſon, a clever little boy, to ſhew me the road leading to Windſor.

At firſt I walked along a very pleaſant footway by the ſide of the Thames; where cloſe to my right lay the king's garden. On the oppoſite bank of the Thames was *Iſleworth*, a ſpot that ſeemed to be diſtinguiſhed by ſome

ſome elegant gentlemen's country-ſeats and gardens. Here I was obliged to ferry the river, in order to get into the Oxford road, which alſo leads to Windſor.

When I was on the other ſide of the water, I came to a houſe, and aſked a man who was ſtanding at the door, if I was on the right road to Oxford. "Yes," ſaid he, "but you want a "carriage to carry you thither:" when I anſwered him, that I intended walking it, he looked at me ſignificantly, ſhook his head, and went into the houſe again.

I was now on the road to Oxford. It is a charming fine broad road; and I met on it carriages without number; which, however, on account of the heat, occaſioned a duſt that was extremely troubleſome and diſagreeable. The fine green hedges, which border the roads in England, contribute greatly to render them pleaſant. This was the caſe in the road I now travelled: for, when I was tired, I ſat down in the ſhade under one of theſe hedges, and read Milton. But this relief was ſoon rendered diſagreeable to me; for, thoſe who rode, or drove, paſt me, ſtared at me with aſtoniſhment; and made many ſignificant geſtures, as if they thought my head

deranged. So ſingular muſt it needs have appeared to them to ſee a man ſitting along the ſide of a public road, and reading. I therefore found myſelf obliged when I wiſhed to reſt myſelf and read, to look out for a retired ſpot in ſome by-lane or croſs-road.

When I again walked, many of the coachmen who drove by, called out to me, ever and anon, and aſked if I would not ride on the outſide; and when, every now and then, a farmer on horſeback met me, he ſaid, and ſeemingly with an air of pity for me,—" 'tis warm walking, ſir!" and when I paſſed through a village, every old woman teſtified her pity by an exclamation of—*Good God!*

As far as Hounſlow, the way was very pleaſant: afterwards I thought it not quite ſo good. It lay acroſs a common, which was of a conſiderable extent, and bare, and naked; excepting that, here and there, I ſaw ſheep feeding.

I now began to be rather tired; when, to my aſtoniſhment, I ſaw a tree in the middle of the common, that ſtood quite ſolitary, and ſpread a ſhade like an arbour around it: at the bottom, round the trunk, a bench was placed, on which one may ſit down; beneath the

the ſhade of this tree, I repoſed myſelf a little, read ſome of Milton, and made a note in my memorandum-book, that I would remember this tree, which had ſo charitably and hoſpitably received under it's ſhade, a weary traveller. This, you ſee, I have now done.

The ſhort Engliſh miles are delightful for walking; you are always pleaſed to find, every now and then, in how ſhort a time you have walked a mile: though, no doubt, a mile is every where a mile. I walk but a moderate pace, and can accompliſh four Engliſh miles in an hour; it uſed to take me pretty nearly the ſame time for one German mile. Now it is a pleaſing exchange to find, that in two hours I can walk eight miles. And now I fancy, I was about ſeventeen miles from London, when I came to an inn, where, for a little wine and water I was obliged to pay ſixpence. An Engliſhman, who happened to be ſitting by the ſide of the innkeeper, found out that I was a German; and of courſe from the country of his queen: in praiſe of whom he was quite laviſh; obſerving more than once, that England never had had ſuch a queen, and would not eaſily get ſuch another.

It now began to grow hot. On the left hand, almoſt cloſe to the high-road, I met with a ſingularly clear rivulet. In this I bathed, and was much refreſhed; and afterwards, with freſh alacrity, continued my journey.

I had now got over the common: and was, once more, in a country rich and well cultivated, beyond all conception. This continued to be the caſe as far as *Slough*, which is twenty miles and a half from London, on the way to Oxford; and from which to the left there is a road leading to Windſor, whoſe high white caſtle I have already ſeen at a diſtance.

I made no ſtay here, but went directly to the right, along a very pleaſant high-road, between meadows and green hedges, towards Windſor, where I arrived about noon.

It ſtrikes a foreigner as ſomething particular and unuſual, when, on paſſing through theſe fine Engliſh towns, he obſerves none of thoſe circumſtances, by which the towns in Germany are diſtinguiſhed from the villages, no walls, no gates, no ſentries, nor garriſons. No ſtern examiner comes here to ſearch and inſpect us, or our baggage; no imperious guard

guard here demands a ſight of our paſſports: perfectly free and unmoleſted, we here walk through villages and towns, as unconcerned, as we ſhould through an houſe of our own.

Juſt before I got to Windſor, I paſſed Eton-College, one of the firſt public ſchools in England, and perhaps in the world. I have before obſerved, that there are in England fewer of theſe great ſchools than one might expect. It lay on my left; and on the right, directly oppoſite to it, was an inn, into which I went.

I ſuppoſe it was during the hour of recreation, or in play-time, when I got to Eton: for I ſaw the boys, in the yard before the college, which was encloſed by a low wall, in great numbers, walking and running up and down.

Their dreſs ſtruck me particularly: from the biggeſt to the leaſt, they all wore black cloaks, or gowns, over coloured cloaths; through which there was an aperture for their arms. They alſo wore, beſides, a ſquare hat, or cap, that ſeemed to be covered with velvet, ſuch as our clergymen in many places wear.

They were differently employed: ſome talking together; ſome playing; and ſome

had their books in their hands; and were reading; but, I was ſoon obliged to get out of their ſight, they ſtared at me ſo, as I came along; all over duſt, with my ſtick in my hand.

As I entered the inn and deſired to have ſomething to eat, the countenance of the waiter ſoon gave me to underſtand, that I ſhould there find no very friendly reception. Whatever I got, they ſeemed to give me, with ſuch an air, as ſhewed too plainly how little they thought of me; and as if they conſidered me but as a beggar. I muſt do them the juſtice to own, however, that they ſuffered me to pay like a gentleman. No doubt this was the firſt time, this pert bepowdered puppy had ever been called on to wait on a poor devil, who entered their place on foot. I was tired; and aſked for a bedroom, where I might ſleep. They ſhewed me into one, that much reſembled a priſon for malefactors. I requeſted that I might have a better room at night. On which, without any apology, they told me, that they had no intention of lodging me, as they had no room for ſuch gueſts; but that I might go back to Slough, where very probably I might get a night's lodging.

With

With money in my pocket, and a conſciouſneſs moreover that I was doing nothing that was either imprudent, unworthy, or really mean, I own it mortified and vexed me, to find myſelf obliged to put up with this impudent ill uſage from people, who ought to reflect, that they are but the ſervants of the public; and little likely to recommend themſelves to the high, by being inſolent to the low. They made me, however, pay them two ſhillings for my dinner and coffee; which I had juſt thrown down, and was preparing to ſhake off the duſt from my ſhoes, and quit this inhoſpitable St. Chriſtopher, when the green hills of Windſor ſmiled ſo friendly upon me, that they ſeemed to invite me firſt to viſit them.

And now, trudging through the ſtreets of Windſor, I at length mounted a ſort of hill: a ſteep path led me on to its ſummit, cloſe to the walls of the caſtle, where I had an uncommonly extenſive, and fine proſpect, which ſo much raiſed my heart, that, in a moment, I forgot not only the inſults of waiters and tavern-keepers, but the hardſhip of my lot, in being obliged to travel in a manner that expoſed me to the ſcorn of a people whom

I wished to respect. Below me lay the most beautiful landscapes in the world; all the rich scenery that nature, in her best attire, can exhibit. Here were the spots, that furnished those delightful themes, of which the muse of Denham and Pope made choice. I seemed to view a whole world at once, rich and beautiful, beyond conception. At that moment, what more could I have wished for.

And the venerable castle, that royal edifice, which, in every part of it, has strong traces of antiquity, smiles through its green trees, like the serene countenance of some hoary sage, who, by the vigour of an happy constitution, still retains many of the charms of youth.

Nothing inspired me with more veneration and awe, than the fine old building, St. George's church; which, as you come down from the castle, is on your right. At the sight of it, past centuries seemed to revive in my imagination.

But I will see no more of those sights which are shewn you by one of those venal praters, who ten times a day, parrot-wise, repeat over the same dull lesson they have got by heart. The surly fellow, who for a shilling, conducted me round the church, had nearly, with his

his chattering, deſtroyed the fineſt impreſſions. Henry the Eighth, Charles the Firſt, and Edward the Fourth, are buried here. After all, this church, both within and without, has a moſt melancholy and diſmal appearance.

They were building at, what is called, the queen's palace; and prodigious quantities of materials are provided for that purpoſe.

I now went down a gentle declivity into the delightful park at Windſor: at the foot of which, it looks ſo ſombrous and gloomy, that I could hardly help fancying, it was ſome vaſt old gothic temple. This foreſt certainly, in point of beauty, ſurpaſſes every thing of the kind you can figure to yourſelf. To its own charms, when I ſaw it, there were added a moſt pleaſing and philoſophical ſolitude; the coolneſs of an evening breeze; all aided by the ſoft ſounds of muſic, which, at this diſtance from the caſtle, from whence it iſſued, was inexpreſſibly ſweet. It threw me into a ſort of enthuſiaſtic and pleaſing reverie, which made me ample amends for the fatigues, diſcourteſies, and continued croſs accidents, I had encountered in the courſe of the day.

I now left the foreſt; the clock ſtruck ſix, and the workmen were going home from their work.

I have forgot to mention the large round tower of the caſtle; which is alſo a very ancient building. The roads that lead to it, are, all along their ſides, planted with ſhrubs; theſe being modern and lively, make a pleaſing contraſt to the fine old moſſy walls. On the top of this tower the flag of Great Britain is uſually diſplayed; which, however, as it was now late in the evening, was taken in.

As I came down from the caſtle, I ſaw the king driving up to it, in a very plain, two-wheeled, open carriage. The people here were politer, than I uſed to think they were in London: for, I did not ſee a ſingle perſon, high or low, who did not pull off their hats, as their ſovereign paſſed them.

I was now again in Windſor; and found myſelf not far from the caſtle, oppoſite to a very capital inn, where I ſaw many officers and ſeveral perſons of conſequence going in and out. And here, at this inn, contrary to all expectation, I was received by the landlord, with great civility, and even kindneſs; very contrary to the haughty and inſolent airs, which

which the upſtart at the other, and his jack-anapes of a waiter, there thought fit to give themſelves.

However, it ſeemed to be my fate to be ſtill a ſcandal, and an eye-ſore to all the waiters. The maid, by the order of her maſter, ſhewed me a room where I might adjuſt my dreſs a little; but I could hear her mutter and grumble, as ſhe went along with me. Having put myſelf a little to rights, I went down into the coffee-room, which is immediately at the entrance of the houſe, and told the landlord, that I thought I wiſhed to have yet one more walk. On this, he obligingly directed me to ſtroll down a pleaſant field behind his houſe, at the foot of which, he ſaid, I ſhould find the Thames, and a good bathing place.

I followed his advice, and this evening was, if poſſible, finer than the preceeding. Here again, as I had been told I ſhould, I found the Thames, with all its gentle windings; Windſor ſhone nearly as bright over the green vale, as thoſe charming houſes on Richmond-Hill, and the verdure was not leſs ſoft and delicate. The field I was in, ſeemed to ſlope a little towards the Thames. I ſeated myſelf

myſelf near a buſh; and there waited the going down of the ſun. At a diſtance I ſaw a number of people bathing in the Thames. When, after ſun-ſet, they were a little diſperſed, I drew near the ſpot I had been directed to: and here, for the firſt time, I ſported in the cool tide of the Thames. The bank was ſteep, but my landlord had dug ſome ſteps that went down into the water; which is extremely convenient for thoſe who cannot ſwim. Whilſt I was there, a couple of ſmart lively apprentice boys came alſo from the town; who, with the greateſt expedition, threw off their cloaths and leathern aprons, and plunged themſelves, head foremoſt, into the water, where they oppoſed the tide with their ſinewy arms, till they were tired. They adviſed me with much natural civility, to untie my hair, and that then, like them, I might plunge into the ſtream, head foremoſt.

Refreſhed and ſtrengthened by this cool bath, I took a long walk by moon-light on the banks of the Thames; to my left were the towers of Windſor, before me a little village, with a ſteeple, the top of which peeped out among the green trees; at a diſtance two inviting hills, which I was to

climb

climb in the morning; and around me the green corn-fields; Oh! how indiſcribably beautiful was this evening, and this walk! at a diſtance among the houſes, I could eaſily deſcry the inn where I lodged, and where I ſeemed to myſelf at length to have found a place of refuge, and an home: and I thought, if I could but ſtay there, I ſhould not be very ſorry, if I were never to find another.

How ſoon did all theſe pleaſing dreams vaniſh! On my return, the waiters (who from my appearance, too probably expected but a trifling reward for their attentions to me) received me gruffly, and as if they were ſorry to ſee me again. This was not all: I had the additional mortification to be again roughly accoſted by the croſs maid, who had before ſhewn me to the bed-chamber; and who, dropping a kind of half courteſy, with a ſuppreſſed laugh, ſneeringly told me, I might look out for another lodging, as I could not ſleep there, ſince the room ſhe had by miſtake ſhewn me, was already engaged. It can hardly be neceſſary to tell you, that I loudly proteſted againſt this ſudden change. At length the landlord came, and I appealed to him: and he with great courteſy immediately

diately defired another room to be ſhewn me; in which, however, there were two beds; ſo that I was obliged to admit a companion. Thus was I very near being a ſecond time turned out of an inn.

Directly under my room, was the tap-room; from which I could plainly hear too much of the converſation of ſome low people, who were drinking, and ſinging ſongs, in which, as far as I could underſtand them, there were many paſſages at leaſt as vulgar and nonſenſical as ours.

This company, I gueſſed, conſiſted chiefly of ſoldiers, and low fellows. I was hardly well lulled to ſleep by this hurly-burly, when my chum (probably one of the drinking party below) came ſtumbling into the room and againſt my bed. At length, though not without ſome difficulty, he found his own bed; into which he threw himſelf juſt as he was, without ſtaying to pull off either cloaths or boots.

This morning I roſe very early, as I had propoſed, in order to climb the two hills, which yeſterday preſented me with ſo inviting a proſpect; and in particular, that one of them on the ſummit of which an high white houſe

appeared

appeared among the dark green trees; the other was close by.

I found no regular path leading to these hills; and therefore went straight forward, without minding roads; only keeping in view the object of my aim. This certainly created me some trouble. I had sometimes an hedge, and sometimes a bog to walk round; but at length I had attained the foot of the so earnestly wished for hill, with the high white house on its summit, when, just as I was going to ascend it, and was already pleasing myself in the idea with the prospect from the white house, behold I read these words on a board: *Take care! there are steel traps and spring guns here.* All my labour was lost, and I now went round to the other hill; but here were also *steel traps* and *spring guns*, though probably never intended to annoy such a wanderer as myself, who wished only to enjoy the fine morning air from this eminence.

Thus disappointed in my hopes, I returned to Windsor, much in the same temper and manner as I had yesterday morning from Richmond-Hill; where my wishes had also been frustrated.

When

When I got to my inn, I received from the ill-tempered maid, who ſeemed to have been ſtationed there, on purpoſe to plague and vex me, the polite welcome, that on no account ſhould I ſleep another night there. Luckily, that was not my intention. I now write to you in the coffee-room, where two Germans are talking together, who certainly little ſuſpect, how well I underſtand them; if I were to make myſelf known to them, as a German, moſt probably, even theſe fellows would not ſpeak to me, becauſe I travel on foot. I fancy they are Hanoverians! The weather is ſo fine, that notwithſtanding the inconveniences I have hitherto experienced on this account, I think, I ſhall continue my journey in the ſame manner.

Oxford,

Oxford, June 25.

TO what various, ſingular, and unaccountable fatalities and adventures are not foot-travellers expoſed, in this land of carriages and horſes! But, I will begin my relation in form and order.

In Windſor, I was obliged to pay for an old fowl I had for ſupper; for a bed-room which I procured with ſome difficulty and not without murmurs, and in which, to compleat my miſadventures, I was diſturbed by a drunken fellow; and for a couple of diſhes of tea, nine ſhillings, of which the fowl alone was charged ſix ſhillings.

As I was going away, the waiter, who had ſerved me with ſo very ill a grace, placed himſelf on the ſtairs, and ſaid, "pray remember the waiter!" I gave him three halfpence: on which he ſaluted me with the heartieſt *G—d d—m you, Sir!* I had ever heard. At the door ſtood the croſs maid, who alſo accoſted me with—"pray, remember the chamber-maid!"—"Yes, yes," ſaid I, "I ſhall long remember your moſt ill-mannered

" nered behaviour, and ſhameful incivility ;" and ſo I gave her nothing. I hope ſhe was ſtung and nettled at my reproof: however ſhe ſtrove to ſtifle her anger by a contemptuous, loud horſe laugh. Thus, as I left Windſor, I was literally followed by abuſe and curſes.

I am very ſorry to ſay, that I rejoiced when I once more perceived the towers of Windſor behind me. It is not proper for wanderers to be prowling near the palaces of kings: and ſo I ſat me down, philoſophically, in the ſhade of a green hedge, and again read Milton, no friend of kings; though the firſt of poets. Whatever I may think of their inns, it is impoſſible not to admire and be charmed with his country.

I took my way through *Slough* by *Salt-hill*, to *Maidenhead*. At *Salt-hill*, which can hardly be called even a village, I ſaw a barber's ſhop; and ſo I reſolved to get myſelf both ſhaved and dreſſed. For putting my hair a little in order, and ſhaving me, I was forced to pay him a ſhilling. Oppoſite to this ſhop, there ſtands an elegant houſe, and a neat garden.

Between Salt-hill and Maidenhead, I met with

with the firſt very remarkable and alarming adventure, that has occurred during my pilgrimage.

Hitherto I had ſcarcely met a ſingle foot-paſſenger, whilſt coaches without number every moment rolled paſs me; for, there are few roads, even in England, more crowded than this weſtern road, which leads to Bath and Briſtol, as well as to Oxford. I now alſo began to meet numbers of people on horſe-back; which is by no means an uſual method of travelling.

The road now led me along a low ſunken piece of ground between high trees, ſo that I could not ſee far before me, when a fellow in a brown frock and round hat, with a ſtick in his hand a great deal ſtronger than mine, came up to me. His countenance immediately ſtruck me, as having in it ſomething ſuſpicious. He however paſſed me; but before I was aware, he turned back and aſked me for a halfpenny, to buy, as he ſaid, ſome bread, as he had eat nothing that day. I felt in my pocket, and found that I had no halfpence; no, nor even a ſixpence; in ſhort, nothing but ſhillings. I told him the circumſtance, which I hoped would excuſe me: on

which

which he ſaid, with an air and manner the drift of which I could not underſtand, "God "bleſs my ſoul!" This drew my attention ſtill cloſer to the huge brawny fiſt, which graſped his ſtick; and that cloſer attention determined me immediately to put my hand in my pocket and give him a ſhilling. Mean-while a coach came up. The fellow thanked me, and went on. Had the coach come a moment ſooner, I ſhould not eaſily have given him the ſhilling; which, God knows, I could not well ſpare. Whether this was a foot-pad or not, I will not pretend to ſay; but he had every appearance of it.

I now came to Maidenhead bridge, which is five and twenty Engliſh miles from London.

The Engliſh mile-ſtones give me much pleaſure; and they certainly are a great convenience to travellers. They have often ſeemed to eaſe me of half the diſtance of a journey, merely by telling me how far I had already gone; and by aſſuring me, that I was on the right road. For, beſides the diſtance from London, every mile-ſtone informs you, that, to the next place is ſo many miles: and where there are croſs-roads, there are direction-poſts,

poſts, ſo that it is hardly poſſible to loſe one's-ſelf in walking. I muſt confeſs that all this journey has ſeemed but as it were one continued walk for pleaſure.

From Maidenhead-bridge, there is a delightful proſpect towards an hill, which extends itſelf along the right bank of the Thames: and on the top of it, there are two beautiful country ſeats, all ſurrounded with meadows and parks. The firſt is called *Taplow*, and belongs to the earl of Inchiquin; and a little farther *Cliefden*, which alſo belongs to him.

Theſe villas ſeem all to be ſurrounded with green meadows; lying along thick woods; and, altogether, are moſt charming.

From this bridge, it is not far to Maidenhead; near which, on the left, is another proſpect of a beautiful ſeat, belonging to Pennyſton Powney, eſq.

All this knowledge I have gained chiefly from my Engliſh guide; which I have conſtantly in my hand; and in which every thing moſt worthy of notice in every mile is marked. Theſe notices I get confirmed or refuted by the people at whoſe houſes I ſtop; who wonder how I, who am a Foreigner, have come

come to be ſo well acquainted with their country.

Maidenhead is a place of little note; for ſome mulled ale, which I deſired them to make me, I was obliged to pay nine-pence. I fancy they did not here take me to be either a great, or a very rich, man. For, I heard them ſay, as I paſſed on, "A ſtout fellow!" This, though perhaps not untrue, did not ſeem to ſound in my ears, as very reſpectful.

At the end of the village was a ſhoemaker's ſhop; juſt as at the end of Salthill, there was a barber's ſhop.

From hence I went to Henley, which is eleven miles from Maidenhead, and thirty-ſix from London.

Having walked pretty faſt for ſix Engliſh miles together, and being now only five miles from Henley, I came to a riſing ground where there juſt happened to be a mile-ſtone, near which I ſat down, to enjoy one of the moſt delightful proſpects: the contemplation of which, I recommend to every one, who may ever happen to come to this ſpot. Cloſe before me roſe a ſoft hill, full of green corn-fields, fenced with quick-hedges; and at the top it was encircled with a wood.

At

At ſome little diſtance, in a large ſemi-circle, one green hill roſe after another, all around me, gently raiſing themſelves aloft from the banks of the Thames, and on which, woods, meadows, arable lands, and villages, were interſperſed in the greateſt and moſt beautiful variety; whilſt at their foot, the Thames meandered, in moſt pictureſque windings, among villages, gentlemen's ſeats, and green vales.

The banks of the Thames are every where beautiful every where charming: how delighted was I with the ſight of it, when, having loſt it for a ſhort time, I ſuddenly and unexpectedly ſaw it again with all its beautiful banks. In the vale below, flocks were feeding; and from the hills, I heard the ſweet chimes of diſtant bells.

The circumſtance that renders theſe Engliſh proſpects ſo enchantingly beautiful, is a concurrence and union of the *tout enſemble*. Every thing coincides and conſpires to render them fine, moving, pictures. It is impoſſible to name, or find a ſpot, on which the eye would not delight to dwell. Any of the leaſt beautiful of any of theſe views that I have ſeen in

England, would any where in Germany, be deemed a paradiſe.

Reinforced, as it were, by this gratifying proſpect, to ſupport freſh fatigues, I now walked a quick pace, both up and down hills, the five remaining miles to Henley; where I arrived about four in the afternoon.

To the left, juſt before I got to Henley, on this ſide of the Thames, I ſaw on a hill, a fine park and a magnificent country-ſeat; at preſent occupied by general Conway.

Juſt before my entrance into Henley, I walked a little directly on the banks of the Thames; and ſat myſelf down in the high graſs; whilſt, oppoſite to me, on the other ſide, lay the park on the hill. As I was a little tired, I fell aſleep, and when I awaked the laſt rays of the ſetting ſun juſt ſhone upon me.

Invigorated by this ſweet, though ſhort, ſlumber, I walked on; and entered the town. It's appearance, however, indicated that it was too fine a place for me, and ſo I determined to ſtop at an inn on the road-ſide; ſuch an one as the Vicar of Wakefield well calls, "the reſort of indigence and frugality."

The

The worſt of it was, no one, even in theſe places of refuge, would take me in. Yet, on this road, I met two farmers, the firſt of whom I aſked, whether he thought I could get a night's lodging at an houſe which I ſaw at a diſtance, by the road ſide. "Yes, ſir, I "dare ſay you may!" he replied. But, he was miſtaken: when I came there, I was accoſted with that ſame harſh ſalutation, which though alas, no longer quite new to me, was ſtill unpleaſing to my ears. "We have got no "beds; you can't ſtay here to night!" It was the ſame at the other inn, on the road; I was therefore obliged to determine to walk on as far as Nettlebed, which was five miles farther; where I arrived rather late in the evening, when it was indeed quite dark.

Every thing ſeemed to be all alive in this little village; there was a party of militia ſoldiers who were dancing, ſinging, and making merry. Immediately on my entrance into the village, the firſt houſe that I ſaw, lying on my left was an inn, from which, as uſual in England, a large beam extended acroſs the ſtreet to the oppoſite houſe, from which hung dangling an aſtoniſhing large ſign, with the name of the proprietor.

"May I ſtay here to night?" I aſked with eagerneſs: "why, yes, you may;" an anſwer, which, however cold and ſurly, made me exceedingly happy.

They ſhewed me into the kitchen, and ſet me down to ſup at the ſame table with ſome ſoldiers and the ſervants. I now, for the firſt time, found myſelf in one of thoſe kitchens which I had ſo often read of in Fielding's fine novels; and which certainly give one, on the whole, a very accurate idea of Engliſh manners.

The chimney in this kitchen, where they were roaſting and boiling, ſeemed to be taken off from the reſt of the room and encloſed by a wooden partition: the reſt of the apartment was made uſe of as a ſitting and eating room. All round on the ſides were ſhelves with pewter diſhes and plates, and the ceiling was well ſtored with proviſions of various kinds, ſuch as ſugar-loaves, black-puddings, hams, ſauſages, flitches of bacon, &c.

While I was eating, a poſt-chaiſe drove up: and in a moment both the folding-doors were thrown open, and the whole houſe ſet in motion, in order to receive, with all due reſpect, theſe gueſts, who, no doubt, were

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed to be perſons of conſequence. The gentlemen alighted however only for a moment, and called for nothing but a couple of pots of beer; and then drove away again. Notwithſtanding, the people of the houſe behaved to them with all poſſible attention, for they came in a poſt-chaiſe.

Though this was only an ordinary village, and they certainly did not take me for a perſon of conſequence, they yet gave me a carpeted bed-room, and a very good bed.

The next morning I put on clean linen, which I had along with me, and dreſſed myſelf as well as I could. And now, when I thus made my appearance, they did not, as they had the evening before, ſhew me into the kitchen, but into the parlour; a room that ſeemed to be allotted for ſtrangers, on the ground-floor. I was alſo now addreſſed by the moſt reſpectful term, *Sir*; whereas, the evening before I had been called only *Maſter*: by this latter appellation, I believe, it is uſual to addreſs only farmers, and quite common people.

This was Sunday; and all the family were in their Sunday-cloaths. I now began to be much pleaſed with this village, and ſo I re-

ſolved to ſtop at it for the day, and attend divine-ſervice. For this purpoſe I borrowed a prayer-book of my hoſt. Mr. *Illing* was his name, which ſtruck me the more, perhaps, becauſe it is a very common name in Germany. During my breakfaſt, I read over ſeveral parts of the Engliſh liturgy, and could not help being ſtruck at the circumſtance that every word in the whole ſervice ſeems to be preſcribed and dictated to the clergyman. They do not viſit the ſick but by a preſcribed form: as, for inſtance, they muſt begin by ſaying, "Peace be to this "houſe," &c.

Its being called a *prayer-book*, rather than, like ours, an *hymn-book*, ariſes from the nature of the Engliſh ſervice, which is compoſed very little of ſinging, and almoſt entirely of praying. The pſalms of David, however, are here tranſlated into Engliſh verſe, and are generally printed at the end of Engliſh prayer-books.

The prayer-book, which my landlord lent me, was quite a family-piece; for all his children's births and names, and alſo his own wedding-day, were very carefully ſet down in it. Even on this account alone the

the book would not have been unintereſting to me.

At half-paſt nine, the ſervice began. Directly oppoſite to our houſe, the boys of the village were all drawn up, as if they had been recruits, to be drilled: all well-looking, healthy lads, neat and decently dreſſed, and with their hair cut ſhort and combed on the forehead, according to the Engliſh faſhion. Their boſoms were open, and the white frills of their ſhirts turned back on each ſide. They ſeemed to be drawn up here at the entrance of the village, merely to wait the arrival of the clergyman.

I walked a little way out of the village, where, at ſome diſtance, I ſaw ſeveral people coming from another village, to attend divine-ſervice here at Nettlebed.

At length came the parſon on horſeback. The boys pulled off their hats, and all made him very low bows. He appeared to be rather an elderly man, and wore his own hair round and decently dreſſed; or rather curling naturally.

The bell now rung in, and ſo I too, with a ſort of ſecret proud ſenſation, as if I alſo had been an Engliſhman, went with my

prayer-book under my arm to church, along with the reſt of the congregation; and when I got into the church, the clerk very civilly ſeated me cloſe to the pulpit.

Nothing can poſſibly be more ſimple, apt, and becoming than the few decorations of this church.

Directly over the altar, on two tables, in large letters, the ten commandments were written. There ſurely is much wiſdom and propriety in thus placing, full in the view of the people, the ſum and ſubſtance of all morality.

Under the pulpit, near the ſteps that led up to it, was a deſk, from which the clergyman read the liturgy. The reſponſes were all regularly made by the clerk; the whole congregation joining occaſionally, though but in a low voice: As for inſtance, the miniſter ſaid, "Lord have mercy upon us!" the clerk and the congregation immediately ſubjoin, "and forgive us all our ſins." In general, when the clergyman offers up a prayer, the clerk, and the whole congregation anſwer only, *Amen!*

The Engliſh ſervice muſt needs be exceedingly fatiguing to the officiating miniſter, inaſmuch

inaſmuch as, beſides a ſermon, the greateſt part of the liturgy falls to his ſhare to read, beſides the pſalms, and two leſſons. The joining of the whole congregation in prayer has ſomething exceedingly ſolemn and affecting in it. Two ſoldiers, who ſat near me in the church, and who had probably been in London, ſeemed to wiſh to paſs for philoſophers, and wits; for they did not join in the prayers of the church.

The ſervice was now pretty well advanced, when I obſerved ſome little ſtir in the deſk: the clerk was buſy, and they ſeemed to be preparing for ſomething new and ſolemn; and I alſo perceived ſeveral muſical inſtruments. The clergyman now ſtopped, and the clerk then ſaid, in a loud voice, "Let us ſing to "the praiſe and glory of God, the forty-"ſeventh pſalm."

I cannot well expreſs how affecting and edifying it ſeemed to me, to hear this whole, orderly, and decent congregation, in this ſmall country church, joining together, with vocal and inſtrumental muſic, in the praiſe of their Maker. It was the more grateful, as having been performed not by mercenary muſicians, but by the peaceful and pious in-

habitants, of this ſweet village. I can hardly figure to myſelf any offering more likely to be grateful to God.

The congregation ſang and prayed alternately ſeveral times; and the tunes of the pſalms were particularly lively and cheerful, though at the ſame time ſufficiently grave, and uncommonly intereſting. I am a warm admirer of all ſacred muſic; and I cannot but add, that that of the church of England is particularly calculated to raiſe the heart to devotion. I own it often affected me even to tears.

The clergyman now ſtood up and made a ſhort, but very proper diſcourſe on this text; "Not all they who ſay, Lord, Lord! ſhall "enter the kingdom of heaven." His language was particularly plain, though forcible; his arguments were no leſs plain, convincing, and earneſt; but contained nothing that was particularly ſtriking. I do not think the ſermon laſted more than half an hour.

This clergyman had not perhaps a very prepoſſeſſing appearance: I thought him alſo a little diſtant and reſerved; and I did not quite like his returning the bows of the farmers with a very formal nod.

I ſtaid

I ſtaid till the ſervice was quite over; and then went out of the church with the congregation, and amuſed myſelf with reading the inſcriptions on the tomb-ſtones, in the church-yard; which, in general, are ſimpler, more pathetic, and better written than ours.

There were ſome of them, which, to be ſure, were ludicrous and laughable enough.

Among theſe is one on the tomb of a ſmith, which, on account of it's ſingularity, I here copy and ſend you.

" My ſledge and anvil lie declin'd,
" My bellows too have loſt their wind;
" My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
" My coals are ſpent, my iron's gone,
" My nails are drove; my work is done."

Many of theſe epitaphs cloſed with the following quaint rhymes:

" Phyſicians were in vain;
" God knew the beſt;
" So here I reſt."

In the body of the church I ſaw a marble monument of a ſon of the celebrated

Dr. Wallis, with the following ſimple and affecting inſcription:

"The ſame good ſenſe which qualified him for every
"public employment,
"Taught him to ſpend his life here in retirement."

All the farmers, whom I ſaw here, were dreſſed, not as ours are, in coarſe frocks, but with ſome taſte, in fine good cloth; and were to be diſtinguiſhed from the people of the town, not ſo much by their dreſs, as by the greater ſimplicity and modeſty of their behaviour.

Some ſoldiers, who probably were ambitious of being thought to know the world, and to be wits, joined me, as I was looking at the church, and ſeemed to be quite aſhamed of it, as, they ſaid, it was only a very miſerable church. On which I took the liberty to inform them, that no church could be miſerable, which contained orderly and good people.

I ſtaid here to dinner. In the afternoon there was no ſervice; the young people, however, went to church, and there ſang ſome few pſalms. Others of the congregation were alſo

alſo preſent. This was conducted with ſo much decorum, that I could hardly help conſidering it, as, actually a kind of church-ſervice. I ſtaid, with great pleaſure, till this meeting alſo was over.

I ſeemed indeed to be enchanted, and as if I could not leave this village. Three times did I get off, in order to go on farther, and as often returned, more than half reſolved to ſpend a week, or more, in my favourite Nettlebed.

But the recollection that I had but a few weeks to ſtay in England, and that I muſt ſee Derbyſhire, at length drove me away. I caſt back many *a longing, lingering look* on the little church-ſteeple, and thoſe hoſpitable friendly roofs, where, all that morning, I had found myſelf ſo perfectly at home.

It was now nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when I left this place; and I was ſtill eighteen miles from Oxford. However, I ſeemed reſolved to make more than one ſtage of it to Oxford, that ſeat of the muſes, and ſo, by paſſing the night about five miles from it, to reach it in good time next morning.

The road from Nettlebed ſeemed to me but as one long fine gravel-walk in a neat garden.

garden. And my pace in it was varied, like that of one walking in a garden: I ſometimes walked quick, then ſlow, and then ſat down and read Milton.

When I had got about eight miles from Nettlebed, and was now not far from Dorcheſter, I had the Thames at ſome diſtance on my left; and on the oppoſite ſide, I ſaw an extenſive hill, behind which a tall maſt ſeemed to riſe. This led me to ſuppoſe, that on the other ſide of the hill there muſt needs alſo be a river. The proſpect I promiſed myſelf from this hill could not poſſibly be paſſed; and ſo I went out of the road to the left over a bridge acroſs the Thames, and mounted the hill, always keeping the maſt in view. When I had attained the ſummit, I found (and not without ſome ſhame and much chagrin) that it was all an illuſion. There was, in fact, nothing before me but a great plain; and the maſt had been fixed there, either as a may-pole only, or to entice curious people out of their way.

I therefore now again, ſlowly and ſullenly, deſcended the hill, at the bottom of which was an houſe, where ſeveral people were looking out of the window, and, as I ſuppoſed, laughing

laughing at me. Even if it were ſo, it ſeemed to be but fair, and ſo it rather amuſed, than vexed, me; and I continued to jog on, without much regretting my waſte journey to the maſt.

Not far from Dorcheſter, I had another delightful view. The country here became ſo fine, that I poſitively could not prevail on myſelf to quit it, and ſo I laid myſelf down on the green turf, which was ſo freſh and ſweet, that I could almoſt have been contented, like Nebuchadnezzar, to have grazed on it. The moon was at the full; the ſun darted its laſt parting rays through the green hedges; to all which was added, the overpowering fragrance of the meadows, the diverſified ſong of the birds, the hills that ſkirted the Thames; ſome of them of a light, and others of a dark-green hue; with the tufted tops of trees diſperſed here and there among them. The contemplation of all theſe delightful circumſtances well-nigh overcame me.

I arrived rather late at Dorcheſter. This is only a ſmall place; but there is in it a large and noble old church. As I was walking along, I ſaw ſeveral ladies, with their heads dreſſed, leaning out of their windows, or ſtanding before the houſes;

houſes; and this made me conclude, that this was too fine a place for me; and ſo I determined to walk on three quarters of a mile farther to Nuneham; which place is only five miles from Oxford. When I reached Nuneham, I was not a little tired; and it was alſo quite dark.

The place conſiſts of two rows of low, neat houſes, built cloſe to each other, and as regular and uniform as a London ſtreet. All the doors ſeemed to be ſhut; and even a light was to be ſeen only in a few of them.

At length quite at the end of the place, I perceived a great ſign hanging acroſs the ſtreet, and the laſt houſe to the left was the inn, at which every thing ſeemed to be ſtill in motion.

I entered without ceremony, and told them my errand; which was, that I intended to ſleep there that night. "By no means!" was the anſwer, "it was utterly impoſſible; "the whole houſe was full; and all their beds "engaged; and, as I had come ſo far, I might "even as well walk on the remaining five "miles to Oxford."

Being very hungry, I requeſted that, at leaſt, they would give me ſomething to eat.

eat. To this they anſwered, that, as I could not ſtay all night there, it would be more proper for me to ſup where I lodged; and ſo I might go on.

At length, quite humbled by the untowardneſs of my circumſtances, I aſked for a pot of beer, and that they did vouchſafe to give me, for ready money only; but a bit of bread, to eat with it (for which alſo I would willingly have paid) they peremptorily refuſed me.

Such unparalleled inhoſpitality I really could not have expected in an Engliſh inn: but, reſolving, with a kind of ſpiteful indignation, to ſee how far their inhumanity would carry them, I begged that they would only let me ſleep on a bench, and merely give me houſe-room; adding, that if they would grant me that boon only, I would pay them the ſame as for a bed; for, that I was ſo tired, I could not poſſibly go any farther. Even in the moment that I was thus humbly ſoliciting this humble boon, they banged the door to full in my face.

As here, in a ſmall village, they had refuſed to receive me, it ſeemed to be preſumption to hope, that I ſhould gain admittance at Oxford. What could I do? I

was

was much tired, and ſo as it was not a very cold night, I reſolved to paſs it in the open air; in this reſolution, bouncing from this rude inn, I went to look out for a convenient ſpot for that purpoſe, in an adjoining field, beneath ſome friendly tree. Juſt as I had found a place, which I thought would do, and was going to pull off my great coat, to lay under my head, by way of pillow, I heard ſome one behind me, following me with a quick pace. At firſt, I was alarmed, but my fears were ſoon diſpelled by his calling after me, and aſking, "if I would accept of company."

As little as any one is to be truſted, who thus follows you into a field in a dark night, yet it was a pleaſure to me to find that there were ſtill ſome beings not quite inhuman; and at leaſt one perſon, who ſtill intereſted himſelf about me: I therefore ſtopped, and as he came up to me, he ſaid that if I was a good walker, we might keep each other company, as he was alſo going to Oxford. I readily accepted of his propoſal, and ſo we immediately ſet off together.

Now, as I could not tell whether my travelling companion was to be truſted or not, I ſoon took an opportunity to let him know that

I was

I was poor, and much diſtreſſed. To confirm this, I told him of the inhumanity with which I had juſt been treated at the inn; where they refuſed a poor wanderer ſo much as a place to lay his head, or even a morſel of bread for his money.

My companion ſomewhat excuſed the people, by ſaying, that the houſe was really full of people who had been at work in the neighbourhood, and now ſlept there. But that they had refuſed me a bit of bread, he certainly could not juſtify. As we went along, other topics of converſation were ſtarted, and among other things, he aſked me where I came from that day?

I anſwered, from Nettlebed, and added, that I had attended divine ſervice there that morning.

As you probably paſſed through Dorcheſter, this afternoon, ſaid he, you might have heard me preach alſo, had you come into the church there, for that is my curacy from which I am juſt come, and am now returning to Oxford. So you are a clergyman, ſaid I, quite overjoyed that, in a dark night, I had met a companion on the road, who was of the ſame profeſſion as myſelf. And I alſo, ſaid I, am a preacher of the goſpel, though not of this coun-

country. And now, I thought it right to give him to underſtand that it was not, as I had before intimated, out of abſolute poverty, but with a view of becoming better acquainted with men and manners, that I thus travelled on foot. He was as much pleaſed with this agreeable meeting as myſelf; and before we took a ſtep farther, we cordially ſhook hands.

He now began to addreſs me in Latin, and on my anſwering him in that language, which I attempted to pronounce according to the Engliſh manner of ſpeaking it, he applauded me not a little for my correct pronunciation. He then told me, that ſome years ago, in the night alſo, and nearly at the ſame ſpot where he found me, he had met another German, who likewiſe ſpoke to him in Latin; but this unknown countryman of mine had pronounced it ſo very badly, that he ſaid, it was abſolutely unintelligible.

The converſation now turned on various theological matters; and among others on the novel notions of a Dr. Prieſtly, whom he roundly blamed. I was not at all diſpoſed to diſpute that point with him, and ſo, profeſſing with great ſincerity, an high eſteem for the Church of England, and great reſpect and

regard

regard for its clergy, I ſeemed to gain his good opinion.

Beguiling the tedioufneſs of the road by ſuch diſcourſe, we were now got, almoſt without knowing it, quite to Oxford.

He told me, I ſhould now ſee one of the fineſt, and moſt beautiful cities, not only in England, but in all Europe. All he lamented was, that, on account of the darkneſs of the night, I ſhould not immediately ſee it.

This really was the caſe; and now, ſaid he, as we entered the town, I introduce you into Oxford, by one of the fineſt, the longeſt, and moſt beautiful ſtreets, not only in this city, but in England, and I may ſafely add, in all Europe.

The beauty and the magnificence of the ſtreet I could not diſtinguiſh; but of its length I was perfectly ſenſible by my fatigue; for, we ſtill went on, and ſtill through the longeſt, the fineſt, and moſt beautiful ſtreet in Europe, which ſeemed to have no end; nor had I any aſſurance that I ſhould be able to find a bed for myſelf in all this famous ſtreet. At length my companion ſtopped to take leave of me, and ſaid, he ſhould now go to his college.

And I, ſaid I, will ſeat myſelf for the night

on this ſtone-bench, and await the morning, as it will be in vain for me, I imagine, to look for ſhelter in an houſe at this time of night.

Seat yourſelf on a ſtone, ſaid my companion, and ſhook his head: No! no! come along with me to a neighbouring ale-houſe, where, it is poſſible, they mayn't be gone to bed, and we may yet find company. We went on, a few houſes further, and then knocked at a door. It was then nearly twelve. They readily let us in; but how great was my aſtoniſhment, when, on our being ſhewn into a room on the left, I ſaw a great number of clergymen, all with their gowns and bands on, ſitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him. My travelling companion introduced me to them, as a German clergymen, whom he could not ſufficiently praiſe, for my correct pronunciation of the Latin, my orthodoxy, and my good walking.

I now ſaw myſelf, in a moment as it were, all at once tranſported into the midſt of a company, all apparently, very reſpectable men, but all ſtrangers to me. And it appeared to me extraordinary, that I ſhould, thus at midnight, be in Oxford, in a large company

pany of Oxonian clergy, without well knowing how I had got there. Mean-while, however, I took all the pains in my power to recommend myself to my company, and, in the course of conversation, I gave them as good an account as I could of our German Universities, neither denying, nor concealing, that, now and then, we had riots and disturbances. "O we are very unruly here too," said one of the clergymen, as he took a hearty draught out of his pot of beer, and knocked on the table with his hand. The conversation now became louder, more general, and a little confused: they enquired after Mr. Bruns, at present Professor at Helmstadt, and who was known by many of them.

Among these gentlemen, there was one of the name of *Clerk*, who seemed ambitious to pass for a great wit, which he attempted, by starting sundry objections to the Bible. I should have liked him better, if he had confined himself to punning and playing on his own name, by telling us, again and again, that he should still be, at least, a *Clerk*, even though he should never become a *clergyman*. Upon the whole, however, he was, in his way,

way, a man of ſome humour, and an agreeable companion.

Among other objections, to the Scriptures, he ſtarted this one to my travelling companion, whoſe name I now learnt was *Maud*, that it was ſaid, in the Bible, that God was a *wine-bibber*, and a *drunkard*. On this Mr. Maud fell into a violent paſſion, and maintained that it was utterly impoſſible that any ſuch paſſage ſhould be found in the Bible. Another Divine, a *Mr. Caern*, referred us to his abſent brother, who had already been forty years in the church, and muſt certainly know ſomething of ſuch a paſſage, if it were in the Bible, but he would venture to lay any wager his brother knew nothing of it.

Waiter! fetch a Bible! called out Mr. Clerk, and a great family Bible was immediately brought in, and opened on the table, among all the beer jugs.

Mr. Clerk turned over a few leaves, and in the Book of Judges, 9th chapter, verſe xiii, he read, "Should I leave my wine, which "cheareth God and man?"

Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, who had before been moſt violent, now ſat as if ſtruck dumb. A ſilence of ſome minutes prevailed, when, all

at

at once, the ſpirit of revelation ſeemed to come on me, and I ſaid, "Why, gentlemen! "you muſt be ſenſible, that it is but an allegorical expreſſion: and I added, how often, "in the Bible, are Kings called Gods!"

"Why, yes, to be ſure," ſaid Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, it is an allegorical expreſſion; nothing can be more clear; it is a metaphor, and therefore it is abſurd to underſtand it in a literal ſenſe. And now they, in their turn, triumphed over poor *Clerk*, and drank large draughts to my health. Mr. *Clerk*, however, had not yet exhauſted his quiver, and ſo he deſired them to explain to him a paſſage in the Prophecy of Iſaiah, where it is ſaid, in expreſs terms, that *God is a barber*. Mr. Maud was ſo enraged at this, that he called *Clerk* an impudent fellow; and Mr. *Caern* again ſtill more earneſtly referred us to his brother, who had been forty years in the church; and who, therefore, he doubted not, would alſo conſider Mr. Clerk as an impudent fellow, if he maintained any ſuch abominable notions. Mr. Clerk all this while ſat perfectly compoſed, without either a ſmile or a frown; but turning to a paſſage in Iſaiah, chap. vii. v. 20, he read theſe words:—"In

" the ſame day, the Lord ſhall ſhave with a " razor—the head, and the hair of the feet; " and it ſhall alſo conſume the beard." If Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern were before ſtunned and confounded, they were much more ſo now; and even Mr. Caern's brother, who had been forty years in the church, ſeemed to have left them in the lurch; for he was no longer referred to. I broke ſilence a ſecond time, and ſaid, Why, gentlemen, this alſo is clearly metaphorical, and it is equally juſt, ſtrong, and beautiful. " Aye, to be ſure it is," rejoined Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, both in a breath; at the ſame time, rapping the table with their knuckles. I went on, and ſaid, you know it was the cuſtom for thoſe who were captives to have their beards ſhorn; the plain import, then, of this remarkable expreſſion is nothing more, than that God would deliver the rebellious Jews to be priſoners to a foreign people, who would ſhave their beards! Ay to be ſure it is; any body may ſee it is; why it is as clear as the day! ſo it is, rejoined Mr. Caern; and my brother, who has been forty years in the church, explains it juſt as this gentleman does.

We had now gained a ſecond victory over Mr.

Mr. Clerk; who, being, perhaps, aſhamed either of himſelf or of us, now remained quiet, and made no further objections to the Bible. My health, however, was again *encored*, and drank in ſtrong ale; which, as my company ſeemed to like ſo much, I was ſorry I could not like. It either intoxicated or ſtupified me; and I do think it overpowers one much ſooner than ſo much wine would. The converſation now turned on many other different ſubjects. At laſt, when morning drew near, Mr. Maud ſuddenly exclaimed, d——n me, I muſt read prayers this morning at All-Souls! *D——n me* is an abbreviation of G—d d——n me; which, in England, does not ſeem to mean more miſchief, or harm, than any of our, or their common expletives in converſation, ſuch as *O gemini! or the Duce take me!*

Before Mr. Maud went away, he invited me to go and ſee him in the morning, and very politely offered himſelf to ſhew me the curioſities of Oxford. The reſt of the company now alſo diſperſed; and as I had once (though in ſo ſingular a manner) been introduced into ſo reputable a ſociety, the people of the houſe made no difficulty of giving me

lodging, but, with great civility, ſhewed me a very decent bed-chamber.

I am almoſt aſhamed to own, that next morning, when I awoke, I had got ſo dreadful an head-ach, from the copious and numerous toaſts of my jolly and reverend friends, that I could not poſſibly get up; ſtill leſs could I wait on Mr. Maud at his College.

The Inn where I was, goes by the name of *The Mitre*. Compared to Windſor, I there found Prince-like attendance. Being, perhaps, a little elevated, the preceding evening, I had, in the gaiety, or perhaps, in the vanity of my heart, told the waiter, that he muſt not think, becauſe I came on foot, that therefore I ſhould give him leſs than others gave. I aſſured him of the contrary. It was probably not a little owing to this aſſurance, that I had ſo much attention ſhewn to me.

I now determined to ſtay at leaſt a couple of days at Oxford; it was neceſſary and proper, if for no other reaſon, yet merely that I might have clean linen. No people are ſo cleanly as the Engliſh, nor ſo particular about neat and clean linen. For, one afternoon, my ſhirt not having been lately changed, as I was walking through a little ſtreet, I heard

two

two women, who were ſtanding at a door, call after me, "look at the gentleman there! A "fine gentleman indeed, who cannot afford "even a clean ſhirt!"

I dined below with the family, and a few other perſons, and the converſation in general, was agreeable enough. I was obliged to tell them many wonderful ſtories (for, who are ſo illiterate, or inſenſible, as not to be delighted with the marvellous!) concerning Germany and the King of Pruſſia. They could not ſufficiently admire my courage in determining to travel on foot, although they could not help approving of the motive. At length, however, it came out, and they candidly owned, that I ſhould not have been received into their houſe, had I not been introduced as I was.

I was now confirmed in my ſuſpicions, that, in England, any perſon undertaking ſo long a journey on foot, is ſure to be looked upon, and conſidered as either a beggar, or a vagabond, or ſome neceſſitous wretch, which is a character not much more popular than that of a rogue; ſo that I could now eaſily account for my reception in Windſor, and at Nuneham. But, with all my partiality for this country, it

is impoſſible, even in theory, and much leſs ſo in practice, to aprove of a ſyſtem which confines all the pleaſures and benefits of travel to the rich. A poor peripatetic is hardly allowed even the humble merit of being honeſt.

As I ſtill intended to purſue my journey to Derbyſhire, I was adviſed (at leaſt till I got further into the country) to take a place in a poſt-coach. They told me, that the further I got from London, the more reaſonable and humble I ſhould find the people; every thing would be cheaper; and every body more hoſpitable. This determined me to go, in the poſt-coach, from Oxford to Birmingham; where Mr. Pointer, of London, had recommended me to a Mr. Fothergill, a merchant there; and from thence to continue my journey on foot.

Monday I ſpent at Oxford, but rather unpleaſantly, on account of my head-ach. Mr. Maud himſelf came to fetch me, as he had promiſed he would, but I found myſelf unable to go with him.

Notwithſtanding this, in the afternoon, I took a little walk up an hill, which lies to the north of Oxford; and from the top of which I could ſee the whole city; which did not, however,

however, appear to me nearly ſo beautiful and magnificent as Mr. Maud had deſcribed it to me during our laſt night's walk.

The Colleges are moſtly in the gothic taſte, and much overloaded with ornaments, and built with grey ſtone; which, perhaps, while it is new, looks pretty well, but it has now the moſt dingy, dirty, and diſguſting appearance, that you can poſſibly imagine.

Only one of theſe Colleges is in the modern ſtile. The houſes of the city are in general ordinary, in ſome parts quite miſerable; in ſome ſtreets they are only one ſtory high, and have ſhingled roofs. To me Oxford ſeemed to have but a dull and gloomy look; and I cannot but wonder how it ever came to be conſidered as ſo fine a city, and next to London.

I remained on the hill, on which there was a flight of ſteps that led to a ſubterraneous walk, till ſun-ſet, and ſaw ſeveral ſtudents walking here, who wore their black gowns over their coloured cloaths, and flat ſquare hats, juſt like thoſe I had ſeen worn by the Eton ſcholars. This is the general dreſs of all thoſe who belong to the Univerſities, with the exception of a very trifling difference, by

which perſons of high birth and rank are diſtinguiſhed.

It is probably on account of theſe gowns, that the Members of the Univerſity are called *Gownſmen*, to diſtinguiſh them from the citizens who are called *Townſmen*; and when you want to mention all the inhabitants of Oxford together, you ſay, "the whole town, "Gownſmen and Townſmen."

This dreſs, I muſt own, pleaſes me far beyond the boots, cockades, and other frippery, of many of our ſtudents. Nor am I leſs delighted with the better behaviour and conduct which, in general, does ſo much credit to the Students of Oxford.

The next morning Mr. Maud, according to his promiſe, ſhewed me ſome of the things moſt worthy of notice in Oxford. And firſt he took me to his own room in his own College, which was on the ground floor, very low, and dark, and reſembled a cell, at leaſt as much as a place of ſtudy. The name of this College, is *Corpus Chriſti*. He next conducted me to *All Soul's College*, a very elegant building, in which the chapel is particularly beautiful. Mr. Maud alſo ſhewed me, over the altar here, a fine painting of Mengs,

at

at the ſight of which, he ſhewed far more ſenſibility than I thought him poſſeſſed of. He ſaid, that notwithſtanding he ſaw that painting almoſt daily, he never ſaw it without being much affected.

This painting repreſented Mary Magdalen, when ſhe firſt ſuddenly ſees Jeſus ſtanding before her, and falls at his feet. And, in her countenance, pain, joy, grief, in ſhort almoſt all the ſtrongeſt of our paſſions, are expreſſed in ſo maſterly a manner, that no man of true taſte was ever tired of contemplating it; the longer it is looked at, the more it is admired. He now alſo ſhewed me the library of this College, which is provided with a gallery round the top; and the whole is moſt admirably regulated and arranged. Among other things, I here ſaw a deſcription of Oxford, with plates to illuſtrate it: and I cannot help obſerving what, though trite, is true, that all theſe places look much better, and are far more beautiful on paper, than they appeared to me to be, as I looked at them, where they actually ſtand.

Afterwards Mr. Maud conducted me to the *Bodleian library*, which is not unworthy of being compared to the *Vatican* at Rome; and

next to the building, which is called the *Theatre*, and where the public orations are delivered. This is a circular building with a gallery all round it, which is furniſhed with benches one above the other, on which the Doctors, Maſters of Arts, and Students ſit, and directly oppoſite to each other, are erected two chairs, or pulpits, from which the diſputants harangue and contend.

Chriſt Church and *Queen's College* are the moſt modern, and, I think, indiſputably the beſt built of all the Colleges. Baliol College ſeems particularly to be diſtinguiſhed on account of its antiquity, and its complete gothic ſtile of building.

Mr. Maud told me that a good deal of money might be ſometimes earned by preaching at Oxford; for all the Members of a certain ſtanding are obliged, in their turn, to preach in the Church of the Univerſity; but many of them, when it comes to their turn, prefer the procuring a ſubſtitute; and ſo not unfrequently, pay as high as five or ſix guineas for a ſermon.

Mr. Maud alſo told me he had been now eighteen years at this Univerſity, and might be made a Doctor, whenever he choſe it; he

was

was a Maſter of Arts, and according to his own account gave lectures in his College on the Claſſics. He alſo did the duty, and officiated as curate, occaſionally, in ſome of the neighbouring villages. Going along the ſtreet, we met the Engliſh Poet Laureat, Warton, now rather an elderly man; and yet he is ſtill the Fellow of a College. His greateſt pleaſure, next to poetry, is, as Mr. Maud told me, ſhooting wild ducks.

Mr. Maud ſeemed upon the whole, to be a moſt worthy and philanthropic man. He told me, that where he now officiated, the clerk was dead, and had left a numerous family in the greateſt diſtreſs; and that he was going to the place next day, on purpoſe to try if he could bring about the election of the ſon, a lad of about ſixteen years of age, in the place of his deceaſed father, as clerk, to ſupport a neceſſitous family.

At *The Mitre*, the inn where I lodged, there was hardly a minute, in which ſome ſtudents, or others, did not call, either to drink, or to amuſe themſelves in converſation with the daughter of the landlord, who is not only handſome, but ſenſible, and well-behaved.

They often ſpoke to me much in praiſe of

a German, of the name of *Mitchel*, at leaſt they pronounced it ſo, who had for many years rendered himſelf famous as a muſician. I was rejoiced to hear one of my countrymen thus praiſed by the Engliſh; and wiſhed to have paid him a viſit, but I had not the good fortune to find him at home.

Caſtleton,

Caſtleton, June 30th.

BEFORE I tell you any thing of the place where I now am, I will proceed regularly in my narrative, and ſo begin now, where I left off in my laſt letter. On Tueſday afternoon Mr. Maud took me to the different walks about Oxford, and often remarked, that they were not only the fineſt in England, but, he believed, in Europe. I own, I do not think, he over rated their merit. There is one, in particular near the river, and cloſe to ſome charming meadows, behind *Corpus Chriſti* College, which may fairly challenge the world.

We here ſeated ourſelves on a bench, and Mr. Maud drew a review from his pocket, where, among other things, a German book of Profeſſor Beckman's was reviewed, and applauded. Mr. Maud ſeemed, on this occaſion, to ſhew ſome reſpect for German literature. At length we parted. He went to fill up the vacancy of the clerk's place at Dorcheſter, and I to the Mitre, to prepare for my departure from Oxford; which took place on Wedneſday morning at three o'clock, in

the poſt-coach. Conſidering the pleaſing, if not kind, attention ſhewn me here, I own, I thought my bill not unreaſonable; though to be ſure, it made a great hole in my little purſe.

Within this coach there was another young man; who, though dreſſed in black, yet to judge from the cockade in his hat might be an officer. The outſide was quite full, with ſoldiers and their wives. The women of the lower claſs here, wear a kind of ſhort cloak made of red cloth; but women in general, from the higheſt to the loweſt, wear hats, which differ from each other leſs in faſhion, than they do in fineneſs.

Faſhion is ſo generally attended to among the Engliſh women, that the pooreſt maid ſervant, is careful to be in the faſhion. They ſeem to be particularly ſo, in their hats, or bonnets, which they all wear: and they are in my opinion far more becoming than the very unſightly hoods and caps which our German women, of the rank of citizens, wear. There is, through all ranks here, not near ſo great a diſtinction between high and low, as there is in Germany.

I had,

I had, during this day, a little head ach; which rendered me more ſilent and reſerved to my company, than is either uſual in England, or natural to me. The Engliſh are taxed, perhaps too haſtily, with being ſhy and diſtant to ſtrangers. I do not think this was, even formerly, their true character; or that any ſuch ſentiment is conveyed in Virgil's "*Hoſpitibus feros.*" Be this as it may, the caſe was here reverſed. The Engliſhman here ſpoke to me ſeveral times in a very friendly manner, while I teſtified not the leaſt inclination to enter into converſation with him.

He however owned afterwards, that it was this very apparent reſerve of mine, that firſt gained me his good opinion.

He ſaid, he had ſtudied phyſic, but with no immediate view of practiſing it. His intention, he ſaid, was to go to the Eaſt Indies; and there, firſt, to try his fortune as an officer. And he was now going to Birmingham, merely to take leave of his three ſiſters, whom he much loved, and who were at ſchool there.

I endeavoured to merit his confidence by telling him, in my turn, of my Journey on foot through England; and by relating to him

him a few of the moſt remarkable of my adventures; he frankly told me, he thought, it was venturing a great deal; yet he applauded the deſign of my journey; and did not ſeverely cenſure my plan. On my aſking him, why Engliſhmen, who were ſo remarkable for acting up to their own notions and ideas, did not, now and then, merely to ſee life in every point of view, travel on foot: O, ſaid he, we are too rich, too lazy, and too proud.

And, moſt true it is, that the pooreſt Engliſhman one ſees, is prouder and better pleaſed to expoſe himſelf to the danger of having his neck broken, on the outſide of a ſtage, than to walk any conſiderable diſtance, though he might walk ever ſo much at his eaſe. I own, I was frightened and diſtreſſed, when I ſaw the women, when we occaſionally ſtopped, get down from the top of the coach. One of them was actually once in much danger of a terrible fall from the roof, becauſe, juſt as ſhe was going to alight, the horſes all at once unexpectedly went on. From Oxford to Birmingham is ſixty-two miles: But all that was to be ſeen between the two places was entirely loſt to me, for I was again

mewed

mewed up in a poſt-coach, and driven along with ſuch velocity from one place to another, that I ſeemed to myſelf as doing nothing leſs than travelling.

My companion however made me amends, in ſome meaſure, for this loſs. He ſeemed to be an exceedingly good tempered and intelligent man; and I felt, in this ſhort time, a prepoſſeſſion in his favor, one does not eaſily form for an ordinary perſon. This, I flattered myſelf, was alſo the caſe with him; and it would mortify me not a little to think he had quite forgotten me, as I am ſure I ſhall never forget him.

Juſt as we had been ſome time eagerly converſing about Shakeſpeare, we arrived, without either of us having thought of it, at Stratford upon Avon, Shakeſpeare's birth-place, where our coach ſtopped; that being the end of one ſtage. We were ſtill two and twenty miles from Birmingham; and ninety-four from London. I need not tell you, what our feelings were, on thus ſetting our feet on claſſic ground.

It was here that, perhaps, the greateſt genius nature ever produced, was born. Here he firſt liſp'd his native tongue; here firſt conceived

ceived the embrios of thoſe compoſitions which were afterwards to charm a liſtening world; and on theſe plains the young *Hercules* firſt played. And here too, in this lowly hut, with a few friends, he happily ſpent the decline of his life, after having retired from the great theatre of that buſy world, whoſe manners he had ſo faithfully pourtrayed.

The river Avon is here pretty broad; and a row of neat, though humble, cottages, only one ſtory high, with ſhingled roofs, are ranged all along its banks. Theſe houſes impreſſed me ſtrongly with the idea of patriarchal ſimplicity and content.

We went to ſee Shakeſpeare's own houſe; which, of all the houſes at Stratford, I think is now the worſt; and one that made the leaſt appearance. Yet, who would not be proud to be the owner of it? There now however lived in it only two old people, who ſhew it to ſtrangers for a trifle; and what little they earn thus, is their chief income.

Shakeſpeare's chair, in which he uſed to ſit before the door, was ſo cut to pieces that it hardly looked like a chair; for every one that travels through Stratford, cuts off a chip, as a re-

a remembrance which he carefully preſerves, and deems a precious relique. I alſo cut myſelf a piece of it; but, reverencing Shakeſpeare as I do, I am almoſt aſhamed to own to you, it was ſo ſmall that I have loſt it; and therefore you will not ſee it on my return.

As we travelled, I obſerved every ſpot with attention, fancying to myſelf, that ſuch or ſuch a ſpot might be the place where ſuch a genius as Shakeſpeare's firſt dawned, and received thoſe firſt impreſſions from ſurrounding nature, which are ſo ſtrongly marked in all his works. The firſt impreſſions of childhood, I knew, were ſtrong, and permanent: of courſe, I made ſure of ſeeing, here, ſome images at leaſt of the wonderful conceptions of this wonderful man. But my imagination miſled me, and I was diſappointed; for I ſaw nothing in the country thereabouts, at all ſtriking, or, in any reſpect, particularly beautiful. It was not at all wild and romantic; but rather diſtinguiſhed for an air of neatneſs and ſimplicity.

We arrived at Birmingham about three o'clock in the afternoon. I had already paid ſixteen ſhillings at Stratford, for my place in the coach from Oxford to Birmingham. At

Oxford,

Oxford, they had not aſked any thing of me: and indeed you are not obliged in general, in England, as you are in Germany, to pay your paſſage before hand.

My companion and myſelf alighted at the inn where the coach ſtopped. We parted with ſome reluctance, and I was obliged to promiſe him, that, on my return to London, I would certainly call on him: for which purpoſe he gave me his addreſs. His father was Dr. Wilſon; a celebrated author in his particular ſtile of writing.

I now enquired for the houſe of Mr. Fothergill, to whom I was recommended, and I was readily directed to it; but had the misfortune to learn, at the ſame time, that this very Mr. Fothergill had died about eight days before. As, therefore, under theſe circumſtances my recommendation to him was likely to be of but little uſe, I had the leſs deſire to tarry long at Birmingham: And ſo, without ſtaying a minute longer, I immediately enquired the road to Derby; and left Birmingham. Of this famous manufacturing town, therefore, I can give you no account.

The road from Birmingham onwards is not very agreeable; being, in general, uncommonly

monly ſandy. Yet, the ſame evening, I reached a little place called *Sutton*, where every thing however appeared to be too grand for me to hope to obtain lodgings in it: till, quite at the end of it, I came to a ſmall inn, with the ſign of *the Swan*, under which was written *Aulton, Brick-maker*.

This ſeemed to have ſomething in it that ſuited me, and therefore I boldly went into it: and when in, I did not immediately, as heretofore, enquire if I could ſtay all night there, but aſked for a pint of ale. I own, I felt myſelf diſheartened, by their calling me nothing but *Maſter*; and by their ſhewing me into the kitchen, where the landlady was ſitting at a table, and complaining much of the tooth-ach. The compaſſion I expreſſed for her on this account, as a ſtranger, ſeemed ſoon to recommend me to her favour; and ſhe herſelf aſked me, if I would not ſtay the night there? To this I moſt readily aſſented; and thus, I was again happy in a lodging for another night.

The company I here met with, conſiſted of a female chimney-ſweeper and her children; who, on my ſitting down in the kitchen, ſoon drank

drank to my health, and began a converſation with me and the landlady.

She related to us her hiſtory; which, I am not aſhamed to own, I thought not unintereſting. She had married early, but had the hard luck to be ſoon deprived of her huſband, by his being preſſed as a ſoldier. She neither ſaw, nor heard of him for many years; and ſo concluded he was dead. Thus deſtitute, ſhe lived ſeven years as a ſervant in Ireland, without any one's knowing that ſhe was married. During this time her huſband, who was a chimney-ſweeper, came back to England, and ſettled at Litchfield, reſumed his old trade and did well in it. As ſoon as he was in good circumſtances he every where made enquiry for his wife, and at laſt found out where ſhe was, and immediately fetched her from Ireland. There ſurely is ſomething pleaſing in this conſtancy of affection in a chimney-ſweeper. She told us, with tears in her eyes, in what a ſtile of grandeur he had conducted her into Litchfield; and how, in honour to her, he made a ſplendid feaſt on the occaſion. At this ſame Litchfield, which is only two miles from Sutton, and through which ſhe ſaid the road lay, which I was to travel

travel to-morrow, ſhe ſtill lived with this ſame excellent huſband; where they were noted for their induſtry; where every body reſpected them, and where, though in the loweſt ſphere, they are paſſing through life, neither uſeleſsly, nor unhappily.

The landlady, during her abſence, told me, as in confidence, that this chimney-ſweeper's huſband, as meanly as I might fancy ſhe now appeared, was worth a thouſand pounds; and that, without reckoning in their plate and furniture: that he always wore his ſilver watch; and that when he paſſed through Sutton, and lodged there, he paid like a nobleman.

She further remarked, that the wife was indeed rather low-lived; but that the huſband was one of the beſt-behaved, politeſt and civileſt men in the world. I had, myſelf, taken notice, that this ſame dingy companion of mine had ſomething ſingularly coarſe and vulgar, in her pronunciation. The word *old*, for example, ſhe ſounded like *auld*. In other reſpects, I had not yet remarked any ſtriking variety or difference from the pronunciation of Oxford, or London.

To-

To-morrow the chimney-sweeper, said she, her husband, would not be at home, but if I came back by the way of Litchfield, she would take the liberty to request the honour of a visit; and to this end, she told me her name, and the place of her abode.

At night the rest of the family, a son and daughter of the landlady, came home; and paid all possible attention to their sick mother. I supped with the family; and they here behaved to me, as if we had already lived many years together.

Happening to mention, that I was, if not a scholar, yet a student, the son told me, there was at Sutton a celebrated Grammar School, where the school-master received two hundred pounds a year settled salary, besides the income arising from the scholars.

And this was only in a village. I thought, and not without some shame and sorrow, of our Grammar Schools in Germany; and the miserable pay of the masters.

When I paid my reckoning the next morning, I observed the uncommon difference here and at Windsor, Nettlebed, and Oxford. At Oxford I was obliged to pay for my supper, bed and breakfast, at least three shillings, and

one

one to the waiter. I here paid for my ſupper, bed and breakfaſt, only one ſhilling, and to the daughter, whom I was to conſider as chambermaid, fourpence; for which ſhe very civilly thanked me, and gave me a written recommendation to an Inn at Litchfield, where I ſhould be well lodged, as the people in Litchfield were, in general, ſhe ſaid, very proud. This written recommendation was a maſter-piece of orthography, and ſhewed that, in England, as well as elſewhere, there are people who write entirely from the ear, and as they pronounce. In Engliſh, however, it ſeems to look particularly odd: but perhaps, that may be the caſe in all languages that are not native.

I took leave here as one does of good friends, with a certain promiſe, that on my return I would certainly call on them again.

At noon I got to Litchfield; an old faſhioned town, with narrow dirty ſtreets, where, for the firſt time, I ſaw round panes of glaſs in the windows. The place, to me, wore an unfriendly appearance; I therefore made no uſe of my recommendation, but went ſtraight through, and only bought ſome bread at a baker's, which I took along with me.

At night I reached Burton, where the famous Burton Ale is brewed. By this time, I felt myſelf pretty well tired; and therefoe propoſed to ſtay the night here. But my courage failed me, and I dropped the reſolution, immediately on my entering the town. The houſes, and every thing elſe, ſeemed to wear as grand an appearance, almoſt, as if I had been ſtill in London. And yet the manners of ſome of its inhabitants were ſo thoroughly ruſtic, and rude, that I ſaw them actually pointing at me with their fingers, as a foreigner. And now, to complete my chagrin and mortification, I came to a long ſtreet, where every body, on both ſides of the way, were at their doors, and actually made me run the gauntlet through their inquiring looks. Some even hiſſed at me, as I paſſed along. All my arguments, to induce me to pluck up my courage, ſuch as the certainty that I ſhould never ſee theſe people again, nor they me, were of no uſe: Burton became odious and almoſt inſupportable to me; and the ſtreet appeared as long, and tired me as much, as if I had walked a mile. This ſtrongly marked contemptuous treatment of a ſtranger, who was travelling through their country, merely

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from the reſpect he bore it, I experienced no where but at Burton.

How happy did I feel when I again found myſelf out of their town; although at that moment I did not know where I ſhould find a lodging for the night, and was, beſides, exceſſively tired. But I purſued my journey and ſtill kept in the road to Derby along a foot path which I knew to be right. It led acroſs a very pleaſant mead, the hedges of which were ſeparated by ſtiles, over which I was often obliged to clamber. When I had walked ſome diſtance, without meeting with an inn on the road, and it already began to be dark, I at laſt ſat me down, near a ſmall-*toll-houſe*, or a turnpike-gate, in order to reſt myſelf, and alſo to ſee whether the man at the turnpike, could and would lodge me.

After I had ſat here a conſiderable time, a farmer came riding by, and aſked me where I wanted to go? I told him I was ſo tired that I could go no farther. On this the good natur'd, and truly hoſpitable man, of his own accord, and without the leaſt diſtruſt, offered to take me behind him on his horſe, and carry me to a neighbouring inn, where, he ſaid, I might ſtay all night.

The horſe was a tall one, and I could not eaſily get up. The turnpikeman, who appeared to be quite decrepid and infirm, on this came out. I took it for granted, however, that he who appeared to have hardly ſufficient ſtrength to ſupport himſelf, could not help me. This poor looking, feeble, old man, however, took hold of me with one arm, and lifted me with a ſingle jirk upon the horſe, ſo quick and ſo alertly, that it quite aſtoniſhed me.

And now I trotted on with my charming farmer, who did not aſk me one ſingle impertinent queſtion, but ſet me down quietly at the inn, and immediately rode away to his own village, which lay to the left.

This inn was called *the bear*; and not improperly: for the landlord went about, and growled at his people juſt like a bear, ſo that at firſt I expected no favourable reception. I endeavoured to gentle him a little by aſking for a mug of ale, and once or twice drinking to him. This ſucceeded; he ſoon became ſo very civil and converſable, that I began to think him quite a pleaſant fellow. This device I had learnt of the Vicar of Wakefield, who always made his hoſts affable, by inviting them

them to drink with him. It was an expedient that ſuited me alſo in another point of view, as the ſtrong ale of England did not at all agree with me.

This innkeeper called me, *Sir*; and he made his people lay a ſeparate table for himſelf, and me; for, he ſaid, he could ſee plainly, I was a gentleman.

In our chat, we talked much of George the ſecond, who appeared to be his favourite king; much more ſo than George the third. And among other things, we talked of the battle at Dettingen, of which he knew many particulars. I was obliged alſo, in my turn, to tell him ſtories of our Great King of Pruſſia, and his numerous armies; and alſo what ſheep ſold for in Pruſſia. After we had thus been talking ſome time chiefly on political matters, he all at once aſked me, if I could blow the French-horn? This he ſuppoſed I could do, only becauſe I came from Germany; for, he ſaid, he remembered, when he was a boy, a German had once ſtopped at this inn, with his parents, who blew the French-horn extremely well. He therefore fancied this was a talent peculiar to the Germans.

I removed this error, and we reſumed our political topics; while his children, and ſervants, at ſome diſtance, liſtened with great reſpect to our converſation.

Thus I again ſpent a very agreeable evening; and when I had breakfaſted in the morning, my bill was not more than it had been at Sutton. I at length reached the common before Derby, on Friday morning. The air was mild, and I ſeemed to feel myſelf uncommonly cheerful and happy. About noon the romantic part of the country began to open upon me. I came to a lofty eminence, where, all at once, I ſaw a boundleſs proſpect of hills before me; behind which, freſh hills ſeemed always to ariſe, and to be infinite.

The ground now ſeemed undulatory, and to riſe and fall like waves: when at the ſummit of the riſe, I ſeemed to be firſt raiſed aloft, and had an extenſive view all around me; and the next moment, when I went down the hill, I loſt it.

In the afternoon I ſaw Derby in the vale before me; and I was now an hundred and twenty-ſix miles from London. Derby is but a ſmall, and not very conſiderable town. It was market day when I got there; and I

was

was obliged to paſs through a crowd of people; but there was here no ſuch odious curioſity, nor offenſive ſtaring, as at Burton. Hereabouts too, I took notice, that I began to be always civilly bowed to by the children of the villages through which I paſſed.

From Derby, to the baths at Matlock, which is one of the moſt romantic ſituations, it was ſtill fifteen miles. On my way thither, I came to a long and extenſive village, which I believe was called *Duffield*. They here at leaſt did not ſhew me into the kitchen, but into the parlour; and I dined on cold victuals.

The prints and pictures, which I have generally ſeen at theſe inns, are, I think, almoſt always prints of the royal family, oftentimes in a group, where the king, as the father of the family, aſſembles his children around him; or elſe I have found a Map of London, and not ſeldom the portrait of the king of Pruſſia; I have met with it ſeveral times. You alſo ſometimes ſee ſome of the droll prints of Hogarth. The heat being now very great, I ſeveral times in this village heard the commiſerating exclamation, of "good God almighty!" By which the peo-

ple expreſſed their pity for me, as being a poor foot paſſenger.

At night I again ſtopped at an inn, on the road, about five miles from Matlock. I could eaſily have reached Matlock, but I wiſhed rather to reſerve the firſt view of the country, till the next day; than to get there when it was dark.

But I was not equally fortunate in this inn, as in the two former. The kitchen was full of farmers, among whom, I could not diſtinguiſh the landlord, whoſe health I ſhould otherwiſe immediately have drank. It is true I heard a country girl, who was alſo in the kitchen, as often as ſhe drank, ſay, "your health, gentlemen all!" But I do not know how it was, I forgot to drink any one's health; which I afterwards found, was taken much a-miſs. The landlord drank twice to my health, ſneeringly, as if to reprimand me for my incivility; and then began to join the reſt in ridiculing me; who almoſt pointed at me with their fingers. I was thus obliged for a time, to ſerve the farmers as a laughing ſtock, till at length one of them compaſſionately ſaid, "nay, nay, we muſt do him no "harm, for he is a ſtranger." The landlord,

lord, I ſuppoſe, to excuſe himſelf, and as if he thought he had perhaps before gone too far, ſaid, "ay, God forbid we ſhould hurt "any ſtranger," and ceaſed his ridicule: but when I was going to drink to his health, he ſlighted and refuſed my attention, and told me with a ſneer, all I had to do, was to ſeat myſelf in the chimney corner, and not trouble myſelf about the reſt of the world. The landlady ſeemed to pity me; and ſo ſhe led me into another room where I could be alone, ſaying: "what wicked people!"

I left this unfriendly roof early the next morning; and now quickly proceeded to Matlock.

The extent of my journey I had now reſolved ſhould be the great Cavern near Caſtleton, in the high Peake of Derbyſhire. It was about twenty miles beyond Matlock.

The country here had quite a different appearance, from that at Windſor and Richmond. Inſtead of green meadows and pleaſant hills, I now ſaw barren mountains and lofty rocks; inſtead of fine living hedges, the fields, and paſture lands, here, were fenced with a wall of grey ſtone; and of this very ſame ſtone, which is here every where to be

found in plenty, all the houſes are built in a very uniform and patriarchal manner, inaſmuch as the rough ſtones are almoſt without any preparation, placed one upon another, and compoſe four walls; ſo that in caſe of neceſſity, a man might here, without much trouble, build himſelf an houſe. At Derby the houſes ſeemed to be built of the ſame ſtone.

The ſituation of Matlock itſelf ſurpaſſed every idea I had formed of it. On the right were ſome elegant houſes for the bathing company; and leſſer cottages ſuſpended like bird's neſts in a high rock. To the left, deep in the bottom, there was a fine, bold river, which was almoſt hid from the eye, by a majeſtic arch, formed by high trees, which hung over it. A prodigious ſtone-wall extended itſelf above a mile along its border; and all along, there is a ſingularly romantic and beautiful, ſecret walk, ſheltered and adorned by many beautiful ſhrubs.

The ſteep rock was covered at the top with green buſhes; and now and then a ſheep, or a cow, ſeparated from the grazing flock, came to the edge of the precipice, and peeped over it.

I had

I had got in Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, which I am reading regularly through, juſt to the part where he deſcribes Paradiſe, when I arrived here; and the following paſſage, which I read at the brink of the river, had a moſt ſtriking and pleaſing effect on me. The landſcape here deſcribed, was as exactly ſimilar to that I ſaw before me, as if the poet had taken it from hence:

" ----------delicious Paradiſe,
" Now nearer, crowns with her encloſure green,
" As with a rural mound, the champa in head
" Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
" With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild,
" Acceſs denied."----------*Book* IV. V. 132.

From Matlock baths, you go over Matlock bridge, to the little town of Matlock itſelf, which, in reality, ſcarcely deſerves the name of a village, as it conſiſts of but a few and miſerable houſes. There is here, on account of the baths, a number of horſes and carriages, and a great thoroughfare. From hence I came through ſome villages to a ſmall town of the name of Bakewell. The whole country in this part is hilly and romantic.... Often my way led me by ſmall paſſes, over aſtoniſh-

ing eminences, where, in the deep below me, I ſaw a few huts or cottages lying. The fencing of the fields with grey ſtone, gave to the whole, a wild, and not very promiſing appearance. The hills were in general not wooded, but naked and barren; and you ſaw the flocks at a diſtance grazing on their ſummit.

As I was coming through one of the villages, I heard a great farmer's boy eagerly aſk another, if he did not think I was a Frenchman. It ſeemed as if he had been waiting ſometime, to ſee the wonder; for, he ſpoke as though his wiſh was now accompliſhed.

When I was paſt Bakewell, a place far inferior to Derby, I came by the ſide of a broad river, to a ſmall eminence, where a fine cultivated field lay before me. This field, all at once, made an indeſcribable and very pleaſing impreſſion on me, which, at firſt, I could not account for; till I recollected having ſeen, in my childhood, near the village where I was educated, a ſituation ſtrikingly ſimilar to that now before me, here in England.

This

This field, as if it had been in Germany, was not enclosed with hedges; but every spot in it was uninterruptedly diversified with all kinds of crops and growths of different green and yellowish colours, which gave the whole a most pleasing effect: but besides this large field, the general view of the country, and a thousand other little circumstances, which I cannot now particularly enumerate, served to bring back to my recollection the years of my youth.

Here I rested myself a-while; and when I was going on again, I thought on the place of my residence; on all my acquaintances, and not a little on you, my dearest friend, and imagined what you would think and say, if you were to see your friend thus wandering here all alone, totally unknown, and in a foreign land.—And at that moment I first seriously felt the idea of distance: and the thought that I was now in England, so very far from all I loved, or who loved me, produced in me such sensations, as I have not often felt.

It was perhaps the same with you, my dearest friend, when on our journey to Hambro', we drove from Perlsbeg, to your birth-place, the village of Boberow; where, among the far-

farmers, you again found your old playmates; one of whom was now become the bailiff of the place. On your aſking them, whether they knew you, one and all of them anſwered ſo heartily, "O, yes, yes—why, you are "Maſter Frederick." The pedantic ſchool-maſter, you will remember, was not ſo frank. He expreſſed himſelf in the ſtiff town phraſe of, "he had not the honour of knowing you; "as during your reſidence in that village, "when a child, he had not been *in loco*."

I now came through a little place of the name of Aſhford, and wiſhed to reach the ſmall village of Wardlow, which was only three miles diſtant; when two men came after me, at a diſtance, whom I had already ſeen at Matlock, who called to me to wait for them. Theſe were the only foot paſſengers, ſince Mr. Maud, who had offered to walk with me.

The one was a ſaddler, and wore a ſhort brown jacket, and an apron, with a round hat. The other was very decently dreſt, but a very ſilent man; whereas the ſaddler was quite talkative.

I liſtened with aſtoniſhment, when I heard him begin to ſpeak of Homer, of Horace and

and of Virgil; and ſtill more when he quoted ſeveral paſſages, by memory, from each of theſe authors; pronouncing the words, and laying his emphaſis, with as much propriety as I could poſſibly have expected, had he been educated at Cambridge, or at Oxford. He adviſed me not to go to Wardlow, where I ſhould find bad accommodations, but rather a few miles farther to *Tideſwell*, where he lived. This name is, by a ſingular abbreviation, pronounced *Tidſel*, the ſame as *Birmingham*, is called by the common people *Brummidgeham*.

We halted at a ſmall ale houſe on the road-ſide, where the ſaddler ſtopped to drink, and talk; and from whence he was in no haſte to depart. He had the generoſity and honour, however, to pay my ſhare of the reckoning, becauſe, as he ſaid, he had brought me hither.

At no great diſtance from the houſe, we came to a riſing ground, where my philoſophical ſaddler made me obſerve a proſpect, which was perhaps the only one of the kind, in England. Below us was an hollow, not unlike an huge kettle, hollowed out of the ſurrounding maſs of earth; and at the bottom

of

of it, a little valley, where the green meadow was divided by a ſmall rivulet that ran in ſerpentine windings, its banks graced with the moſt inviting walks; behind a ſmall winding, there is juſt ſeen an houſe where one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed inhabitants of this happy vale, a great philoſopher, lives retired, dedicating almoſt all his time to his favourite ſtudies. He has tranſplanted a number of foreign plants into his grounds. My guide fell into almoſt a poetic rapture, as he pointed out to me the beauties of this vale, while our third companion, who grew tired, became impatient at our tediouſneſs.

We were now led by a ſteep road to the vale, through which we paſſed; and then aſcended again among the hills on the other ſide.

Not far from *Tideſwell*, our third companion left us, as he lived in a neighbouring place. As we now at length ſaw *Tideſwell* lying before us in the vale, the ſaddler began to give me an account of his family; adding, by way of epiſode, that he never quarrelled with his wife; nor had ever once threatened her with his fiſt, much leſs, ever lifted it againſt her. For his own ſake, he ſaid, he never called

called her names; nor gave her the lie. I muſt here obſerve, that it is the greateſt offence you can give any one in England, to ſay to him, *you lie*. To be called a *liar*, is a ſtill greater affront; and, *you are damned liar*, is the very acme of vulgar abuſe.

Juſt as in Germany, no one will bear the name of a *ſcoundrel*, or *knave*; or as in all quarrels, the beſtowing ſuch epithets on our adverſary is the ſignal for fighting; ſo the term of *a liar* in England, is the moſt offenſive, and is always reſented by blows. A man would never forgive himſelf, nor be forgiven, who could bear to be called *a liar*.

Our *Jacky* in London once looked at me with aſtoniſhment, on my happening to ſay to him in joke, *you are a liar*. I aſſure you I had much to do, before I could pacify him.

If one may form a judgment of the character of a whole nation, from ſuch little circumſtances as this, I muſt ſay this rooted hatred of the word *liar*, appears to me to be no bad trait in the Engliſh.

But to return to my travelling companion, who further told me, that he was obliged to earn his livelihood, at ſome diſtance from home; and that he was now returning for the

firſt time, for theſe two months, to his family.

He ſhewed me a row of trees near the town, which he ſaid his father had planted, and which therefore he never could look at but with emotion, though he paſſed them often, as he went backwards and forwards, on his little journeys, to and from his birth place. His father, he added, had once been a rich man; but had expended all his fortune to ſupport one ſon. Unfortunately for himſelf, as well as his family, his father had gone to America, and left the reſt of his children poor; notwithſtanding which, his memory was ſtill dear to him, and he was always affected by the ſight of theſe trees.

Tideſwell conſiſts of two rows of low houſes, built of rough grey ſtone. My guide, immediately on our entrance into the place, bade me take notice of the church, which was very handſome; and notwithſtanding its age, had ſtill ſome pretenſions to be conſidered as an edifice built in the modern taſte.

He now aſked me, whether he ſhould ſhew me to a great inn, or to a cheap one. And as I preferred the latter, he went with me himſelf

ſelf to a ſmall public houſe, and very particularly recommended me to their care, as his fellow traveller, and a clever man, not without learning.

The people here alſo endeavoured to accommodate me moſt magnificiently, and for this purpoſe gave me ſome toaſted cheeſe, which was Cheſhire cheeſe, roaſted and half melted at the fire. This, in England, it ſeems, is reckoned good eating, but unfortunately for me, I could not touch a bit of it. I therefore invited my landlord to partake of it, and he indeed, ſeemed to feaſt on it. As I neither drank brandy nor ale, he told me I lived far too ſparingly for a foot traveller; he wondered how I had ſtrength to walk ſo well, and ſo far.

I avail myſelf of this opportunity to obſerve that the Engliſh innkeepers are in general great ale drinkers; and for this reaſon, moſt of them are groſs and corpulent: in particular, they are plump and roſy in their faces. I once heard it ſaid of one of them, that the extravaſated claret in his phiz, might well remind one, as Falſtaff ſays of Bardolph, of hell-fire.

The next morning my landlady did me the honour

honour to drink coffee with me, but helped me, very ſparingly, to milk and ſugar. It was Sunday, and I went with my landlord to a barber, on whoſe ſhop was written "ſhaving for a penny." There were a great many inhabitants aſſembled there, who took me for a gentleman, on account, I ſuppoſe, of my hat; which I had bought in London for a guinea, and which they all admired. I conſidered this as a proof, that pomp and finery had not yet become general thus far from London.

You frequently find in England, at many of the houſes of the common people, printed papers, with ſundry apt and good moral maxims and rules faſtened againſt the room door; juſt as we find them in Germany. On ſuch wretched paper, ſome of the moſt delightful and the fineſt ſentiments may be read; ſuch as would do honour to any writer of any country.

For inſtance, I read, among other things, this golden rule, on ſuch an ordinary printed paper ſtuck againſt a room door, "Make no compariſons!" And if you conſider how many quarrels, and how much miſchief ariſe in the world, from odious compariſons of the merits of one, with the merits of another, the

the moſt delightful leſſons of morality are contained in the few words of the above mentioned rule.

A man, to whom I gave ſixpence, conducted me out of the town to the road leading to Caſtleton, which was cloſe to a wall of ſtones, confuſedly heaped one upon another, as I have before deſcribed. The whole country was hilly and rough, and the ground covered with brown heath. Here, and there, ſome ſheep were feeding.

I made a little digreſſion to an hill to the left, where I had a proſpect, awfully beautiful, compoſed, almoſt entirely, of naked rocks, far and near; among which, thoſe that were entirely covered with black heath, made a moſt tremendous appearance.

I was now an hundred and ſeventy miles from London, when I aſcended one of the higheſt hills, and all at once perceived a beautiful vale below me, which was traverſed by rivers and brooks, and encloſed on all ſides by hills. In this vale lay Caſtleton, a ſmall town, with low houſes, which takes its name from an old Caſtle, whoſe ruins are ſtill to be ſeen here.

A nar-

A narrow path, which wound itſelf down the ſide of the rock, led me through the vale into the ſtreet of Caſtleton, where I ſoon found an inn; and alſo ſoon dined. After dinner, I made the beſt of my way to the Cavern.

A little rivulet, which runs through the middle of the town, led me to its entrance.

I ſtood here a few moments, full of wonder, and aſtoniſhment, at the amazing height, of the ſteep rock, before me, covered on each ſide with ivy and other ſhrubs. At its ſummit are the decayed walls and towers of an ancient caſtle which formerly ſtood on this rock; and at its foot, the monſtrous aperture, or mouth, to the entrance of the Cavern, where it is pitch dark, when one looks down, even at mid-day.

As I was ſtanding here full of admiration, I perceived, at the entrance of the cavern, a man of a rude and rough appearance, who aſked me if I wiſhed to ſee the Peak; and the echo ſtrongly reverberated his coarſe voice.

Anſwering, as I did, in the affirmative, he next further aſked me, if I ſhould want to be carried to the other ſide of the ſtream, telling me,

me, at the ſame time, what the ſum would be, which I muſt pay for it.

This man had, along with his black ſtringy hair, and his dirty and tattered cloaths, ſuch a ſingularly wild and infernal look, that he actually ſtruck me as a real Charon; his voice and the queſtions he aſked me, were not of a kind to remove this notion; ſo, that, far from its requiring any effort of imagination, I found it not eaſy to avoid believing, that, at length, I had actually reached Avernus, was about to croſs Acheron, and to be ferried by Charon.

I had no ſooner agreed to his demand, than he told me, all I had to do, was boldly to follow him; and thus we entered the Cavern.

To the left, in the entrance of the Cavern, lay the trunk of a tree, that had been cut down, on which ſeveral of the boys of the town were playing.

Our way ſeemed to be altogether on a deſcent, tho' not ſteep; ſo that the light, which came in at the mouth of the Cavern, near the entrance, gradually forſook us; and when we had gone forward a few ſteps farther, I was aſtoniſhed by a ſight, which of all others, I

here

here the leaſt expected: I perceived to the right, in the hollow of the Cavern, a whole ſubterranean village, where the inhabitants, on account of its being Sunday, were reſting from their work; and with happy and chearful looks, were ſitting at the doors of their huts, along with their children.

We had ſcarcely paſſed theſe ſmall ſubterranean houſes, when I perceived a number of large wheels, on which, on week days, theſe human moles, the inhabitants of the Cavern, make ropes.

I fancied I here ſaw the wheel of Ixion, and the inceſſant labour of the Danaides.

The opening through which the light came, ſeemed, as we deſcended, every moment to become leſs and leſs, and the darkneſs at every ſtep to encreaſe, till at length only a few rays appeared, as if darting through a crevice, and juſt tinging the ſmall clouds of ſmoke, which, at duſk, raiſed themſelves to the mouth of the Cavern.

This gradual growth, or increaſe of darkneſs, awakens in a contemplative mind, a ſoft melancholy. As you go down the gentle deſcent of the Cavern, you can hardly help fancying, the moment is come, when, with-

out pain or grief, the thread of life is about to be ſnapped; and that you are now going thus quietly to that land of peace, where trouble is no more.

At length the great Cavern in the rock cloſed itſelf, in the ſame manner as heaven and earth ſeem to join each other, when we came to a little door, where an old woman came out of one of the huts, and brought two candles, of which we each took one.

My guide now opened the door, which compleatly ſhut out the faint glimmering of light, which, till then, it was ſtill poſſible to perceive, and led us to the inmoſt centre of this dreary temple of old Chaos, and Night, as if, till now, we had only been traverſing the outer Courts. The rock was here ſo low, that we were obliged to ſtoop very much for ſome few ſteps, in order to get through; but how great was my aſtoniſhment when we had paſſed this narrow paſſage and again ſtood upright, at once to perceive, as well as the feeble light of our candles would permit, the amazing length, breadth, and height of the Cavern; compared to which, the monſtrous opening through which we had already paſſed, was nothing.

After we had wandered here more than an hour, as beneath a dark and duſky ſky, on a level ſandy ſoil, the rock gradually lowered itſelf, and we ſuddenly found ourſelves on the edge of a broad river, which, from the glimmering of our candles amid the total darkneſs, ſuggeſted ſundry intereſting reflections. To the ſide of this river, a ſmall boat was moor'd, with ſome ſtraw in its bottom. Into this boat, my guide deſired me to ſtep, and lay myſelf down in it quite flat; becauſe, as he ſaid, towards the middle of the river, the rock would almoſt touch the water.

When I had laid myſelf down, as directed, he himſelf jumped into the water, and drew the boat after him.

All around us, was one ſtill, ſolemn, and deadly ſilence; and as the boat advanced, the rock ſeemed to ſtoop, and come nearer and nearer to us, till at length it nearly touched my face; and as I lay I could hardly hold the candle upright. I ſeemed to myſelf to be in a coffin, rather than in a boat, as I had no room to ſtir hand or foot, till we had paſſed this frightful ſtrait, and the rock roſe again on the other ſide; where my guide once more landed me a ſhore.

The

The Cavern was now become, all at once, broad and high; and then, ſuddenly, it was again low and narrow.

I obſerved on both ſides, as we paſſed along, a prodigious number of great, and ſmall petrified plants, and animals, which however we could not examine, unleſs we had been diſpoſed to ſpend ſome days in the Cavern.

And thus we arrived at the oppoſite ſide, at the ſecond river or ſtream, which however was not ſo broad as the firſt; as one may ſee acroſs it, to the other ſide: acroſs this ſtream my guide carried me on his ſhoulders, becauſe there was here no boat to carry us over.

From thence we only went a few ſteps farther, when we came to a very ſmall piece of water, which extended itſelf length-ways; and led us to the end of the Cavern.

The path, along the edge of this water, was wet and ſlippery, and ſometims ſo very narrow, that one can hardly ſet one foot before the other.

Notwithſtanding, I wandered with pleaſure on this ſubterranean ſhore; and was regaling myſelf with the intereſting contemplation of all theſe various wonderful objects, in this land of darkneſs, and ſhadow of Death; when,

all at once something like muſic at a diſtance, ſounded in mine ears.

I inſtantly ſtopped, full of aſtoniſhment; and eagerly aſked my guide, what this might mean? He anſwered, only, have patience, and you ſhall ſoon ſee.

But as we advanced, the ſounds of harmony ſeemed to die away; the noiſe became weaker and weaker; and at length, it ſeemed to ſink into a gentle hiſſing, or hum, like diſtant drops of falling rain.

And how great was my amazement, when ere long I actually ſaw and felt a violent ſhower of rain falling from the rock, as from a thick cloud; whoſe drops, which now fell on our candles, had cauſed that ſame melancholy ſound, which I had heard at a diſtance.

This was what is here called a *mizzling rain*; which fell from the ceiling or roof of the Cavern, through the veins of the rock.

We did not dare to approach too near with our candles, as they might eaſily have been extinguiſhed by the falling drops; and ſo we perhaps have been forced to ſeek our way back in vain.

We continued our march therefore along the ſide of the water, and often ſaw on the ſides

ſides large apertures in the rock; which ſeemed to be new or ſubordinate Caverns; all which we paſſed without looking into. At length my guide prepared me for one of the fineſt ſights we had yet ſeen, which we ſhould now ſoon behold.

And we had hardly gone on a few paces, when we entered what might eaſily be taken for a Majeſtic Temple, with lofty arches, ſupported by beautiful pillars; formed by the plaſtic hand of ſome ingenious artiſt.

This ſubterranean Temple, in the ſtructure of which no human hand had borne a part, appeared to me at that moment to ſurpaſs all the moſt ſtupendous buildings in the world, in point of regularity, magnificence and beauty.

Full of admiration and reverence, here even in the inmoſt receſſes of Nature, I ſaw the Majeſty of the Creator diſplayed; and before I quitted this Temple, here in this ſolemn ſilence, and holy gloom, I thought it would be a becoming act of true religion to adore, as I cordially did, the God of Nature.

We now drew near the end of our journey. Our faithful companion, the water, guided us

through the remainder of the Cavern, where the rock is arched for the laſt time, and then ſinks till it touches the water which here forms a ſemi-circle, and thus the Cavern cloſes; ſo that no mortal can go one ſtep farther.

My guide here again jumped into the water, ſwam a little way under the rock; and then came back, quite wet, to ſhew me, that it was impoſſible to go any further, unleſs this rock could be blown up with powder, and a ſecond Cavern opened. I now thought, all we had to do, was to return the neareſt way; but there were new difficulties ſtill to encounter, and new ſcenes to behold, ſtill more beautiful than any I had yet ſeen.

My guide now turned and went back towards the left, where I followed him through a large opening in the rock.

And here he firſt aſked me if I could determine to creep a conſiderable diſtance through the rock, where it nearly touched the ground? Having conſented to do ſo, he told me I had only to follow him; warning me, at the ſame time, to take great care of my candle.

Thus we crept on our hands and feet, on the wet and muddy ground, through the opening in the rock, which was often ſcarcely

large

large enough for us to get through with our bodies.

When, at length, we had got through this troubleſome paſſage, I ſaw, in the Cavern, a ſteep hill, which was ſo high, that it ſeemed to loſe itſelf as in a cloud, in the ſummit of the rock.

This hill was ſo wet and ſlippery, that, as ſoon as I attempted to aſcend, I fell down. My guide however took hold of my hand, and told me, I had only reſolutely to follow him.

We now aſcended ſuch an amazing height, and there were ſuch precipices on each ſide, that it makes me giddy even now, when I think of it.

When we at length had gained the ſummit, where the hill ſeemed to loſe itſelf in the rock, my guide placed me where I could ſtand firm; and told me to ſtay there quietly. In the mean time he himſelf went down the hill with his candle, and left me alone.

I loſt ſight of him for ſome moments: but at length I perceived not him indeed, but his candle, quite in the bottom, from whence it ſeemed to ſhine like a bright and twinkling ſtar.

After I had enjoyed this indeſcribably beau-

tiful ſight for ſometime, my guide came back, and carried me ſafely down the hill again, on his ſhoulders. And as I now ſtood below, he went up and let his candle ſhine again through an opening of the rock, while I covered mine with my hand; and it was now as if on a dark night a bright Star ſhone down upon me: a ſight which, in point of beauty, far ſurpaſſed all that I had ever ſeen.

Our journey was now ended, and we returned not without trouble and difficulty, through the narrow paſſage. We again entered the Temple we had a ſhort time before left; again heard the pattering of the rain, which ſounded as rain, when we were near it, but which, at a diſtance, ſeemed a ſonorous, dull, and melancholy hum: and now again we returned acroſs the quiet ſtreams through the capacious entrance of the Cavern, to the little door, where we had before taken our leave of daylight: which after ſo long a darkneſs, we now again hailed with joy.

Before my guide opened the door he told me, I ſhould now have a view of a ſight that would ſurpaſs all the foregoing. I found that he was in the right; for when he had only half opened

opened the door, it really ſeemed as if I was looking into Elyſium.

The day ſeemed to be gradually breaking, and night and darkneſs to have vaniſhed. At a diſtance, you again juſt ſaw the ſmoke of the cottages, and then the cottages themſelves; and, as we aſcended, we ſaw the boys ſtill playing around the hewn trunk, till at length the reddiſh purple ſtripes, in the ſky, faintly appeared through the mouth of the hole: yet, juſt as we came out, the ſun was ſetting in the Weſt.

Thus had I ſpent nearly the whole afternoon, till it was quite evening, in the Cavern; and when I looked at myſelf, I was, as to my dreſs, not much unlike my Guide: my ſhoes ſcarcely hung to my feet, they were ſo ſoft and ſo torn by walking ſo long on the damp ſand, and the hard pointed ſtones.

I paid no more than half-a-crown for ſeeing all that I had ſeen; with a trifle to my Guide: for, it ſeems, he does not get the half-crown, but is obliged to account for it to his maſter, who lives very comfortably on the revenue he derives from this Cavern; and is able to keep a man to ſhew it to ſtrangers.

When I came home I ſent for a ſhoe-maker. There was one who lived juſt oppoſite; and he immediately came to examine my ſhoes. He told me he could not ſufficiently wonder at the badneſs of the work, for they were ſhoes I had brought from Germany. Notwithſtanding this, he undertook, as he had no new ones ready, to mend them for me as well as he could. This led me to make a very agreeable acquaintance with this ſhoe-maker: for, when I expreſſed to him my admiration of the Cavern, it pleaſed him greatly that in ſo inſignificant a place as Caſtleton, there ſhould be any thing which could inſpire people with aſtoniſhment, who came from ſuch diſtant countries; and thereupon offered to take a walk with me, to ſhew me, at no great diſtance, the famous mountain called *Mam-Tor*, which is reckoned among the things of moſt note in Derbyſhire.

This mountain, is covered with verdure on its ſummit, and ſides; but at the end it is a ſteep precipice. The middle part does not, like other mountains, conſiſt of rock, but of a looſe earth, which gives way, and either rolls from the top of the precipice in little pieces, or tears itſelf looſe in large maſſes, and falls

falls with a thundering crash, thus forming an hill on its side which is continually encreasing.

From these circumstances probably is derived the name of *Mam-Tor*, which literally signifies *Mother Hill*; for *Tor*, is either an abbreviation of, or the old word for, *Tower*; and means not only a lofty building, but any eminence. *Mam*, is a familiar term, that obtains, in all languages, for Mother; and this Mountain, like a Mother, produces several other small hills.

The inhabitants here have a superstitious notion, that this mountain, notwithstanding its daily loss, never decreases, but always keeps its own, and remains the same.

My companion told me a shocking history of an inhabitant of Castleton, who laid a wager, that he would ascend this steep precipice.

As the lower part is not quite so steep, but rather slanting upwards, he could get good hold in this soft loose earth, and clambered up, without looking round. At length he had gained more than half the ascent, and was just at the part, where it projects and overlooks its basis; from this astonishing height the unfortunate man cast down his eyes, whilst

the threatning point of the rock hung over him, with tottering maſſes of earth.

He trembled all over, and was juſt going to relinquiſh his hold, not daring to move backwards or forwards: in this manner he hung for ſome time between heaven and earth, ſurrounded by deſpair. However, his ſinews would bear it no longer; and therefore, in an effort of deſpair, he once more collected all his ſtrength, and got hold of, firſt, one looſe ſtone, and then another; all of which would have failed him, had he not immediately caught hold of another. By theſe means, however, at length, to his own, as well as to the aſtoniſhment of all the ſpectators, he avoided almoſt inſtant and certain death, ſafely gained the ſummit of the hill, and won his wager.

I trembled as I heard this relation; ſeeing the mountain and the precipice in queſtion ſo near to me, I could not help figuring to myſelf the man clambering up it.

Not far from hence is *Elden Hole*, a cavity, or pit, or hole in the earth, of ſuch a monſtrous depth, that if you throw in a pebble ſtone, and lay your ear to the edge of the hole, you hear it falling for a long time.

As

As ſoon as it comes to the bottom it emits a ſound juſt as if ſome one were uttering a loud ſigh. The firſt noiſe it makes, on its being firſt parted with, affects the ear like a ſubterranean thunder. This rumbling, or thundering noiſe, continues for ſome time, and then decreaſes, as the ſtone falls againſt firſt one hard rock and then another, at a greater and a greater depth; and at length when it has for ſometime been falling, the noiſe ſtops with a kind of whizzing, or a hiſſing, murmur. The people have alſo a world of ſuperſtitious ſtories relating to this place; one of which is, that ſome perſon once threw into it a gooſe, which appeared again, at two miles diſtance, in the great cavern I have already mentioned, quite ſtripped of its feathers:—But I will not ſtuff my letters with many of theſe fabulous hiſtories.

They reckon that they have in Derbyſhire ſeven wonders of nature; of which, this *Elden Hole*, the hill of *Mam-Tor*, and the great cavern, I have been at, are the principal. This cavern goes commonly by a name that is ſhockingly vulgar: in Engliſh it is called *The Devil's Arſe o' Peak*.

The remaining four wonders are *Pool's Hole*,

Hole, which has ſome reſemblance to this that I have ſeen, as I am told, for I did not ſee it; next, *St. Ann's Well*, where there are two ſprings, which riſe cloſe to each other; the one of which is boiling-hot, the other as cold as ice; the next is, *Tide's-well*, not far from the town of that name, through which I paſſed. It is a ſpring, or well, which in general flows or runs under ground, imperceptibly, and then all at once ruſhes forth with a mighty rumbling or ſubterranean noiſe, which is ſaid to have ſomething muſical in it, and overflows its banks. Laſtly, *Chatſworth*, a palace, or ſeat, belonging to the Dukes of Devonſhire, at the foot of a mountain, whoſe ſummit is covered with eternal ſnow, and therefore always gives one the idea of winter, at the ſame time that the moſt delightful ſpring blooms at its foot. I can give you no further deſcription of theſe latter wonders, as I only know them by the account given me by others. They were the ſubjects with which my guide, the ſhoe-maker, entertained me during our walk.

While this man was ſhewing me every thing within his knowledge, that he thought moſt intereſting, he often expreſſed his admiration

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on thinking how much of the world I had already ſeen; and the idea excited in him ſo lively a deſire to travel, that I had much to do to reaſon him out of it. He could not help talking of it the whole evening; and again and again proteſted, that, had he not got a wife and a child, he would ſet off in the morning, at day-break, along with me; for here in Caſtleton there is but little to be earned by the hardeſt labour, or even genius; proviſions are not cheap; and in ſhort, there is no ſcope for exertion.—This honeſt man was not yet thirty.

As we returned, he wiſhed yet to ſhew me the lead mines, but it was too late. Yet, late as it was, he mended my ſhoes the ſame evening, and I muſt do him the juſtice to add, in a very maſterly manner.

But I am ſorry to tell you, I have brought a cough from the cavern, that does not at all pleaſe me; indeed it occaſions me no little pain which makes me ſuppoſe that one muſt needs breathe a very unwholeſome damp air in this cavern. But then, were that the caſe, I do not comprehend how my friend *Charon* ſhould have held it out ſo long, and ſo well, as he has.

This

This morning I was up very early in order to view the ruins, and to climb an high hill, along-ſide of them. The ruins, are directly over the mouth of the hole on the hill, which extends itſelf ſome diſtance over the cavern, beyond the ruins, and always widens; though here in front it is ſo narrow, that the building takes up the whole.

From the ruins all around, there is nothing but ſteep rock, ſo that there is no acceſs to it, but from the town, where a crooked path from the foot of the hill is hewn in the rock, but it is alſo prodigiouſly ſteep.

The ſpot on which the ruins ſtand, is now all overgrown with nettles and thiſtles. Formerly, it is ſaid, there was a bridge from this mountain, to the oppoſite one, of which one may yet diſcover ſome traces, as in the vale, which divides the two rocks, we ſtill find the remains of ſome of the arches on which the bridge reſted. This vale which lies at the back of the ruins, and probably over the cavern, is called the *Cave's Way*, and is one of the greateſt thoroughfares to the town. In the part, at which, at ſome diſtance, it begins to deſcend between theſe two mountains, its deſcent is ſo gentle that one is not at

all

all tired in going down it. But if you ſhould happen to miſs the way between the two rocks, and continue on the heights, you are in great danger of falling from the rock, which every moment becomes ſteeper and ſteeper.

The mountain, on which the ruins ſtand, is every where rocky. The one on the left of it, which is ſeparated by the vale, is perfectly verdant and fertile, and, on its ſummit, the paſture lands are divided by ſtones, piled up in the form of a wall. This green mountain is at leaſt three times as high as that on which the ruins ſtand.

I began to clamber up the green mountain, which is alſo pretty ſteep; and when I had got more than half way up without having once looked back, I was nearly in the ſame ſituation as the adventurer who clambered up *Mam-Tor* hill; for when I looked round, I found my eye had not been trained to view, unmoved, ſo prodigious an height; Caſtleton, with the ſurrounding country, lay below me, like a map; the roofs of the houſes ſeemed almoſt cloſe to the ground, and the mountain with the ruins itſelf, ſeemed to be lying at my feet.

I grew giddy at the proſpect, and it required

quired all my reaſon to convince me that I was in no danger, and that, at all events, I could only ſcramble down the green turf, in the ſame manner as I had got up. At length I ſeemed to grow accuſtomed to this view, till it really gave me pleaſure; and I now climbed quite to the ſummit, and walked over the meadows, and at length reached the way, which gradually deſcends between the two mountains.

At the top of the green mountain I met with ſome neat country girls, who were milking their cows, and coming this ſame way with their milk-pails on their heads.

This little rural party formed a beautiful group, when ſome of them with their milk-pails took ſhelter, as it began to rain, under a part of the rock; beneath which they ſat down on natural ſtone benches, and there, with paſtoral innocence and glee, talked and laughed till the ſhower was over.

My way led me into the town, from whence I now write, and which I intend leaving in order to begin my journey back to London; but I think I ſhall not now purſue quite the ſame road.

Northampton.

Northampton.

WHEN I took leave of the honeſt ſhoemaker, in Caſtleton, who would have rejoiced to have accompanied me, I reſolved to return, not by *Tide's-well*, but by *Wardlow*, which is nearer.

I there found but one ſingle inn, and in it only a landlady, who told me that her huſband was at work in the lead-mines; and that the cavern at Caſtleton, and all that I had yet ſeen, was nothing to be compared to theſe lead-mines. Her huſband, ſhe ſaid, would be happy to ſhew them to me.

When I came to offer to pay her for my dinner, ſhe made ſome difficulty about it; becauſe, as I had neither drank ale, or brandy, by the ſelling of which ſhe chiefly made her livelihood, ſhe ſaid ſhe could not well make out my bill. On this I called for a mug of ale (which I did not drink) in order to enable me the better to ſettle her reckoning.

At this ſame inn I ſaw my inn-keeper of Tideſwell; who, however, had not, like me, come on foot, but prancing proudly on horſeback.

As I proceeded, and ſaw the hills riſe before me, which were ſtill freſh in my memory, having ſo recently become acquainted with them, in my journey thither, I was juſt reading the paſſage, in Milton, relative to the creation, in which the Angel deſcribes to Adam how the water ſubſided, and

" Immediately the mountains huge appear
" Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
" Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky."
Book vii. l. 285.

It ſeemed to me, while reading this paſſage, as if every thing around me were in the act of creating, and the mountains themſelves appeared to emerge or riſe; ſo animated was the ſcene.

I had felt ſomething, not very unlike this, on my journey hither; as I was ſitting oppoſite to an hill, whoſe top was covered with trees, and was reading in Milton the ſublime deſcription of the combat of the Angels, where the fallen Angels are made, with but little regard to chronology, to attack their antagoniſts with artillery and cannon, as if it had been a battle on earth, of the preſent age. The better Angels, however, defend themſelves

ſelves againſt their *antogoniſts*, by each ſeizing on ſome hill, by the tufts on its ſummit, tearing them up by the root, and thus bearing them in their hands, to ſling them at their enemy.

" ——————they ran, they flew,
" From their foundation loos'ning to and fro,
" They pluck'd the ſeated hills with all their load,
" Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
" Uplifting bore them in their hands——————."

Book vi. l. 642.

I ſeemed to fancy to myſelf, that I actually ſaw an Angel there ſtanding and plucking up an hill before me and ſhaking it in the air.

When I came to the laſt village, before I got to Matlock, as it was now evening and dark, I determined to ſpend the night there; and enquired for an inn, which, I was told, was at the end of the village. And ſo on I walked, and kept walking till near midnight, before I found this ſame inn. The place ſeemed to have no end. On my journey to Caſtleton, I muſt either not have paſſed through this village or not have noticed its length. Much tired, and not a little indiſpoſed, I, at length, arrived at the inn; where I ſat myſelf down by the fire in the kitchen,

and

and aſked for ſomething to eat. As they told me, I could not have a bed here, I replied I abſolutely would not be driven away, for that if nothing better could be had, I would ſit all night by the fire. This I actually prepared to do, and laid my head on the table in order to ſleep.

When the people, in the kitchen, thought that I was aſleep, I heard them talking about me, and gueſſing who, or what I might be. One woman alone ſeemed to take my part, and ſaid, "I dare ſay, he is a well-bred gentleman;" another ſcouted that notion merely becauſe, as ſhe ſaid, I had come on foot; and "depend on it," ſaid ſhe, "he is ſome poor "travelling creature!" My ears yet ring with the contemptuous tone with which ſhe uttered, "Poor travelling creature!" It ſeems to expreſs, all the wretchedneſs of one, who neither has houſe, nor home; a vagabond, and outcaſt of ſociety.

At laſt, when theſe unfeeling people ſaw that I was determined, at all events, to ſtay there all night, they gave me a bed, but not till I had long given up all hopes of getting one. And in the morning, when they aſked me a ſhilling for it, I gave them half-a-crown, adding,

adding, with ſomething of an air, that I would have no change. This I did, though, perhaps, fooliſhly, to ſhew them, that I was not quite *a poor creature.* And now they took leave of me with great civility, and many excuſes; and I now continued my journey much at my eaſe.

When I had paſſed Matlock, I did not go again towards Derby, but took the road to the left towards Nottingham. Here the hills gradually diſappeared; and my journey now lay through meadow grounds, and cultivated fields.

I muſt here inform you, that the word *Peake*, or *Pike*, in old Engliſh, ſignifies a point or ſummit; the *Peak* of Derbyſhire, therefore means that part of the country, which is hilly; or where the mountains are higheſt.

Towards noon I again came to an eminence, where I found but one ſingle ſolitary inn, which had a ſingular inſcription on its ſign. It was in rhime, and I remember only that it ended with theſe words, "Refreſh and then go "on." "Entertainment for man and horſe." This I have ſeen on ſeveral ſigns, but the moſt common, at all the leſſer ale-houſes, is

"A.

" A. B. C. or D. Dealer in foreign ſpirituous " liquors."

I dined here on cold meat and ſallad. This, or elſe eggs and ſallad, was my uſual ſupper, and my dinner too, at the inns at which I ſtopped. It was but ſeldom that I had the good fortune to get any thing hot. The ſallad, for which they brought me all the ingredients, I was always obliged to dreſs myſelf. This, I believe, is always done in England.

The road was now tolerably pleaſant, but the country ſeemed here to be uniform and unvaried even to dullneſs. However, it was a very fine evening, and as I paſſed through a village, juſt before ſun-ſet, ſeveral people, who met me, accoſted me with a phraſe which, at firſt, I thought odd, but which I now think civil, if not polite. As if I could poſſibly want information on ſuch a point, as they paſſed me, they all very courteouſly told me *'twas a fine evening*, or *a pleaſant night*.

I have alſo often met people who, as they paſſed me, obligingly and kindly aſked: *how do you do?* To which unexpected queſtion from total ſtrangers, I have now learned to anſwer—*pretty well I thank you, how do you do?*—This manner of addreſs muſt needs appear very

very ſingular to a foreigner, who is all at once aſked by a perſon, whom he has never ſeen before, how he does?

After I had paſſed through this village, I came to a green field, at the ſide of which I met with an ale-houſe. The miſtreſs was ſitting at the window; I aſked her, if I could ſtay the night there, ſhe ſaid no! and ſhut the window in my face.

This unmannerlineſs recalled to my recollection the many receptions of this kind to which I had now ſo often been expoſed; and I could not forbear uttering aloud my indignation at the inhoſpitality of the Engliſh; this harſh ſentiment I ſoon corrected, however, as I walked on, by recollecting, and placing in the oppoſite ſcale, the unbounded and unequalled generoſity of this nation; and alſo the many acts of real and ſubſtantial kindneſs, which I had myſelf experienced in it.

I at laſt came to another inn, where there was written on the ſign: "The Navigation "Inn;" becauſe it is the *depôt*, or ſtore-houſe of the colliers of the Trent.

A rougher or ruder kind of people I never ſaw than theſe colliers, whom I here met aſ-

ſembled in the kitchen, and in whoſe company I was obliged to ſpend the evening.

Their language, their dreſs, their manners, were, all of them, ſingularly vulgar and diſagreeable; and their expreſſions ſtill more ſo: For, they hardly ſpoke a word, without adding, *a G—d d—— me* to it; and thus curſing, quarrelling, drinking, ſinging, and fighting, they ſeemed to be pleaſed, and to enjoy the evening. I muſt do them the juſtice to add, that none of them, however, at all moleſted me, or did me any harm. On the contrary, every one again and again drank my health, and I took care not to forget to drink theirs in return. The treatment of my hoſt at Matlock was ſtill freſh in my memory; and ſo, as often as I drank, I never omitted ſaying, "Your healths gentlemen all!"

When two Engliſhmen quarrel, the fray is carried on, and decided, rather by actions than by words; though loud and boiſterous, they do not ſay much, and frequently repeat the ſame thing over and over again, always clinching it with an additional *G— d— you!* Their anger ſeems to overpower their utterance, and can find vent only by coming to blows.

The

The landlady, who ſat in the kitchen along with all this goodly company, was nevertheleſs well dreſſed, and a remarkably well-looking woman. As ſoon as I had ſupped, I haſtened to bed, but could not ſleep; my quondam companions, the colliers, made ſuch a noiſe the whole night through.—In the morning, when I got up, there was not one to be ſeen, nor heard.

I was now only a few miles from Nottingham, where I arrived towards noon.

This, of all the towns I have yet ſeen, except London, ſeemed to me to be one of the beſt; and is undoubtedly the cleaneſt. Every thing here wore a modern appearance, and a large place in the centre, ſcarcely yielded to a London ſquare, in point of beauty.

From the town a charming foot-path leads you acroſs the meadows to the high-road, where there is a bridge over the Trent. Not far from this bridge was an inn, where I dined, though I could get nothing but bread and butter, of which I deſired to have a toaſt made.

Nottingham lies high, and made a beautiful appearance at a diſtance, with its neat high houſes, red-roofs, and its lofty ſteeples. I

have not ſeen ſo fine a proſpect in any other town in England.

I now came through ſeveral villages, as Ruddington, Bradmore and Bunny, to Caſtol, where I ſtayed all night.

This whole afternoon I heard the ringing of bells in many of the villages. Probably, it is ſome holiday which they thus celebrate. It was cloudy weather, and I felt myſelf not at all well; and in theſe circumſtances this ringing diſcompoſed me ſtill more; and made me at length quite low ſpirited and melancholy.

At Caſtol there were three inns cloſe to each other, in which, to judge only from the outſide of the houſes, little but poverty was to be expected. In the one at which I at length ſtopped there was only a landlady, a ſick butcher, and a ſick carter, both of whom had come there to ſtay the night. This aſſemblage of ſick perſons gave me the idea of an hoſpital, and depreſſed me ſtill more. I felt ſome degree of fever, was very reſtleſs all night, and ſo I kept my bed very late the next morning, 'till the woman of the houſe came and arouſed me, by ſaying ſhe had been uneaſy on my account. And now I formed the reſolution to go to Leiceſter in the poſt coach.

I was

I was now only four miles from Loughborough, a ſmall, and I think, not a very handſome town, where I arrived late at noon, and dined at the laſt inn on the road that leads to Leiceſter. Here again, far beyond expectation, the people treated me like a gentleman, and let me dine in the parlour.

From Loughborough to Leiceſter, was only ten miles; but the road was ſandy and very unpleaſant walking.

I came through a village called *Mountſorrel*, which perhaps takes its name from a little hill at the end of it. As for the reſt, it was all one large plain, all the way to Leiceſter.

Towards evening I came to a pleaſant meadow juſt before I got to Leiceſter, through which a foot-path led me to the town, which made a good appearance as I viewed it lengthways, and indeed much larger than it really is.

I went up a long ſtreet before I got to the houſe from which the poſt-coaches ſet out, and which is alſo an inn. I here learnt that the ſtage was to ſet out that evening for London, but that the inſide was already full; ſome places were however ſtill left on the outſide.

Being obliged to beſtir myſelf to get back to London, as the time drew near, when the Hambro' captain, with whom I intend to return, had fixed his departure, I determined to take a place as far as Northampton on the outſide.

But this ride from Leiceſter to Northampton, I ſhall remember as long as I live.

The coach drove from the yard through a part of the houſe. The inſide paſſengers got in, in the yard; but we on the outſide were obliged to clamber up in the public ſtreet, becauſe we ſhould have had no room for our heads to paſs under the gateway.

My companions on the top of the coach, were a farmer, a young man very decently dreſſed, and a black-a-moor.

The getting up alone was at the riſk of one's life; and when I was up, I was obliged to ſit juſt at the corner of the coach, with nothing to hold by, but a ſort of little handle, faſtened on the ſide. I ſat neareſt the wheel; and the moment that we ſet off, I fancied that I ſaw certain death await me. All I could do, was to take ſtill faſter hold of the handle, and to be more and more careful to preſerve my balance.

The

The machine now rolled along with prodigious rapidity, over the ſtones through the town, and every moment we ſeemed to fly into the air; ſo that it was almoſt a miracle, that we ſtill ſtuck to the coach, and did not fall. We ſeemed to be thus on the wing, and to fly, as often as we paſſed through a village, or went down an hill.

At laſt the being continually in fear of my life, became inſupportable, and as we were going up a hill, and conſequently proceeding rather ſlower than uſual, I crept from the top of the coach, and got ſnug into the baſket.

"O, ſir, ſir, you will be ſhaken to death!" ſaid the black; but I flattered myſelf, he exaggerated the unpleaſantneſs of my poſt.

As long as we went up hill, it was eaſy and pleaſant. And, having had little or no ſleep the night before, I was almoſt aſleep among the trunks and the packages; but how was the caſe altered when we came to go down hill; then all the trunks and parcels began, as it were, to dance around me, and every thing in the baſket ſeemed to be alive; and I every moment received from them ſuch violent blows, that I thought my laſt hour was come.

I now found that what the black had told me, was no exaggeration; but all my complaints were uſeleſs. I was obliged to ſuffer this torture nearly an hour, till we came to another hill again, when quite ſhaken to pieces and ſadly bruiſed, I again crept to the top of the coach, and took poſſeſſion of my former ſeat. "Ah, did not I tell you, that you would be "ſhaken to death?" ſaid the black, as I was getting up; but I made him no reply. Indeed I was aſhamed; and I now write this as a warning to all ſtrangers to ſtage-coaches who may happen to take it into their heads, without being uſed to it, to take a place on the outſide of an Engliſh poſt-coach; and ſtill more, a place in the baſket.

About midnight we arrived at Harborough, where I could only reſt myſelf a moment, before we were again called to ſet off, full drive, through a number of villages, ſo that a few hours before day-break we had reached Northampton, which is, however, thirty three miles from Leiceſter.

From Harborough to Leiceſter, I had a moſt dreadful journey, it rained inceſſantly; and as before we had been covered with duſt, we now were ſoaked with rain. My neighbour,

bour, the young man, who ſat next me in the middle, that my inconveniences might be compleat, every now and then fell aſleep; and, as when aſleep, he perpetually bolted and rolled againſt me, with the whole weight of his body, more than once he was very near puſhing me entirely off my ſeat.

We at laſt reached Northampton, where I immediately went to bed, and have ſlept almoſt till noon. To-morrow morning I intend to continue my journey to London in ſome other ſtage-coach.

London, 15th July, 178z.

THE journey from Northampton to London I can again hardly call a journey; but rather a perpetual motion, or removal, from one place to another, in a close box: during your conveyance you may, perhaps, if you are in luck, converse with two or three people shut up along with you.

But I was not so fortunate; for my three travelling companions were all farmers, who slept so soundly, that even the hearty knocks of the head with which they often saluted each other, did not awake them.

Their faces, bloated and discoloured by their copious use of ale and brandy, looked, as they lay before me, like so many lumps of dead flesh. When now and then they woke, sheep, in which they all dealt, was the first and last topic of their conversation. One of the three, however, differed not a little from the other two: his face was sallow and thin, his eyes quite sunk and hollow, his long lank fingers hung quite loose, and as if detached from his hands. He was, in short, the picture of avarice and misanthrophy. The former

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he certainly was; for at every ſtage he refuſed to give the coachman the accuſtomed perquiſite, which every body elſe paid; and every farthing he was forced to part with, forced a *G—d d—n*, from his heart. As he ſat in the coach, he ſeemed anxious to ſhun the light; and ſo ſhut up every window that he could come at, except, when now and then I opened them to take a ſlight view of the charms of the country through which we ſeemed to be flying, rather than driving.

Our road lay through Newport-Pagnel, Dunſtable, St. Albans, Barnet to Iſlington, or rather to London itſelf. But theſe names are all I know of the different places.

At Dunſtable, if I do not miſtake, we breakfaſted; and here, as is uſual, every thing was paid for in common by all the paſſengers; as I did not know this, I ordered coffee ſeparately; however, when it came, the three farmers alſo drank of it, and gave me ſome of their tea.

They aſked me, what part of the world I came from; whereas we in Germany generally inquired, what countryman a perſon is.

When we had breakfaſted, and were again ſeated in the coach, all the farmers, the lean

one excepted, ſeemed quite alive again, and now began a converſation on religion and on politics.

One of them brought the hiſtory of Samſon on the carpet, which the clergyman of his pariſh, he ſaid, had lately explained. I dare ſay, very ſatisfactorily; though this honeſt farmer ſtill had a great many doubts about the great gate which Samſon carried away, and about the foxes with the fire-brands between their tails. In other reſpects, however, the man ſeemed not to be either uninformed or ſceptical.

They now proceeded to relate to each other various ſtories chiefly out of the Bible; not merely as important facts, but as intereſting narratives, which they would have told and liſtened to with equal ſatisfaction, had they met them anywhere elſe. One of them had only heard theſe ſtories from his miniſter in the church, not being able to read them himſelf.

The one that ſat next to him now began to talk about the Jews of the Old Teſtament, and aſſured us that the preſent race were all deſcended from thoſe old ones. "Aye, and they are all damned to all eternity!"—ſaid his

his companion, as coolly and as confidently as if at that moment he had ſeen them burning in the bottomleſs pit.

We now frequently took up freſh paſſengers, who only rode a ſhort diſtance with us, and then got out again. Among others, was a woman from London, whoſe buſineſs was, the making of brandy. She entertained us with a very circumſtantial narrative of all the ſhocking ſcenes, during the late riot in that city. What particularly ſtruck me was her ſaying, that ſhe ſaw a man, oppoſite to her houſe, who was ſo furious, that he ſtood on the wall of a houſe that was already half burnt down, and there, like a dæmon, with his own hands pulled down and toſſed about the bricks which the fire had ſpared, till at length he was ſhot, and fell back among the flames.

At length we arrived at London without any accident, in a hard rain, about one o'clock. I had been obliged to pay ſixteen ſhillings before-hand at Northampton, for the ſixty miles to London. This the coachman ſeemed not to know for certain, and therefore aſked me more earneſtly, if I was ſure I had paid. I aſſured him I had; and he took my word.

I looked

I looked like a crazy creature, when I arrived in London; notwithſtanding which, Mr. Pointer, with whom I left my trunk, received me in the moſt friendly manner, and deſired me during dinner to relate to him my adventures.

The ſame evening I called on Mr. Leonhardi, who, as I did not wiſh to hire a lodging for the few days I might be obliged to wait for a fair wind, got me into the Freemaſons'-tavern. And here I have been waiting theſe eight days, and the wind ſtill continues contrary for Hambro'; though I do now moſt heartily wiſh for a fair wind, as I can no longer make any improvement, by my ſtay, ſince I muſt keep myſelf in conſtant readineſs to embark whenever the wind changes; and therefore I dare go no great diſtance.

Every body here is now full of the Marquis of Rockingham's death, and the change of the miniſtry in conſequence of it. They are much diſpleaſed that Fox has given up his ſeat: and yet it is ſingular, they ſtill are much concerned, and intereſt themſelves for him, as if whatever intereſted him, were the intereſt of the nation.

On Tuesday there was an highly important debate in Parliament. Fox was called on to assign the true reasons of his resignation before the nation. At eleven o'clock the gallery was so full, that nobody could get a place; and the debates only begin at three, and lasted this evening till ten.

About four, Fox came. Every one was full of expectation. He spoke at first with great vehemence; but it was observed that he gradually became more and more moderate, and when at length he had vindicated the step he had taken, and shewed it to be, in every point of view, just, wise, and honourable,—he added, with great force and pathos, "and now I stand here once more, as poor as "ever I was." It was impossible to hear such a speech and such declarations unmoved.

General Conway then gave his reasons, why he did not resign; though he was of the same political principles as Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke; he was of the same opinion with them in regard to the independency of America; the more equal representation of the people in parliament, and the regulations necessary in Ireland: but he did not think the present minister, Lord Shelburne, would act

contrary

contrary to thoſe principles. As ſoon as he did, he ſhould likewiſe reſign; but not before.

Burke now ſtood up and made a moſt elegant, though florid ſpeech, in praiſe of the late Marquis of Rockingham. As he did not meet with ſufficient attention, and heard much talking and many murmurs, he ſaid, with much vehemence, and a ſenſe of injured merit, "*this is not* treatment for ſo old a "Member of Parliament as I am, and I will "be heard!"—On which there was immediately a moſt profound ſilence. After he had ſaid much more in praiſe of Rockingham, he ſubjoined, that with regard to General Conways remaining in the miniſtry, it reminded him of a fable he had heard in his youth, of a wolf, who, on having cloathed himſelf as a ſheep, was let into the fold by a lamb; who indeed did ſay to him, where did you get thoſe long nails, and thoſe ſharp teeth, mamma? But nevertheleſs let him in; the conſequence of which was, he murdered the whole flock. Now with reſpect to General Conway, it appeared to him, juſt as though the lamb certainly did perceive the nails and teeth of the wolf, but notwithſtanding, was

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ſo good-tempered to believe that the wolf would change his nature, and become a lamb. By this, he did not mean at all to reflect on Lord Shelburne; only of this he was certain, that the preſent adminiſtration was a thouſand times worſe, than that under Lord North, (who was preſent.)

When I heard Mr. Pitt ſpeak, for the firſt time, I was aſtoniſhed, that a man of ſo youthful an appearance ſhould ſtand up at all: but I was ſtill more aſtoniſhed to ſee how, while he ſpoke, he engaged univerſal attention. He ſeems to me not to be more than one and twenty This ſame Pitt is now miniſter, and even Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is ſhocking to a foreigner, to ſee what violent ſatires on men, rather than on things, daily appear in the newſpapers; of which they tell me there are at leaſt a dozen, if not more, publiſhed every day. Some of them ſide with the miniſtry, and ſtill more I think with the oppoſition. A paper that ſhould be quite impartial, if that were poſſible, I apprehend, would be deemed ſo inſipid as to find no readers. No longer ago than yeſterday, it was mentioned in one of theſe newſpapers, that

that when Fox who is fallen, ſaw ſo young a man as Pitt made the miniſter, he exclaimed with Satan, who, in *Paradiſe Loſt*, on perceiving the man approved by God, called out, "O hateful ſight!"

On Thurſday the King went with the uſual ſolemnity to prorogue the parliament for a ſtated time. But, I paſs this over as a matter that has already been ſo often deſcribed.

I have alſo, during this period, become acquainted with Baron Grothaus, the famous walker, to whom I had alſo a letter of recommendation from Baron Groote of Hambro'. He lives in Cheſterfield-houſe, not far from General Paoli, to whom he has promiſed to introduce me, if I have time to call on him again.

I have ſuffered much this week from the violent cough I brought with me from the hole in Derbyſhire, ſo that I could not for ſome days ſtir: during which time Meſſrs. Schonborn and Leonhardi have viſited me very attentively, and contributed much to my amendment.

I have been obliged to relate as much about my journey out of London, here, as I probably ſhall in Germany, of all England in general.

general.---To moſt people to whom I give an account of my journey, what I have ſeen is quite new. I muſt, however, here inſert a few remarks on the elocution, or manner of ſpeaking of this country, which I had forgot before to write to you.

Engliſh eloquence appears to me not to be nearly ſo capable of ſo much variety and diffuſion as our is.---Add to this, in their parliamentary ſpeeches; in ſermons, in the pulpit; in the dialogues on the ſtage; nay, even in common converſation, their periods at the end of a ſentence are always accompanied by a certain ſingular uniform fall of the voice; which, notwithſtanding its monotony, has in it ſomething ſo peculiar, and ſo difficult, that I defy any foreigner ever completely to acquire it. Mr. Leonhardi, in particular, ſeemed to me in ſome paſſages, which he repeated out of Hamlet, to have learnt to ſink his voice, in the true Engliſh manner; yet any one might know, from his ſpeaking, that he is not an Engliſhman. The Engliſh place the accent oftener on the adjectives, than they do on the ſubſtantive, which, though undoubtedly the moſt ſignificant word in any ſentence, has frequently leſs ſtreſs laid on it,

than

than you hear laid on mere epithets. On the ſtage they pronounce the ſyllables and words extremely diſtinct, ſo that at the theatres you may always gain moſt inſtruction in Engliſh elocution and pronunciation.

This kingdom is remarkable for running into dialect; even in London they are ſaid to have one. They ſay for example, *it a'nt* inſtead of, *it is not*; *I don't know*, for *I do not know*; *I don't know him*, for *I do not know him*; the latter of which phraſes has often deceived me, as I miſtook a negative for an affirmative.

The word *Sir!* in Engliſh has a great variety of ſignifications. With the appellation of *Sir*, an Engliſhman addreſſes his *King*, his *friend*, his *foe*, his *ſervant*, and his *dog*; he makes uſe of it when aſking a queſtion politely; and a Member of Parliament, merely to fill up a vacancy, when he happens to be at a loſs. *Sir?* In an enquiring tone of voice, ſignifies, what is your deſire?—*Sir!* in an humble tone---gracious ſovereign!---*Sir!* in a furly tone, a box on the ear at your ſervice! to a dog it means a good beating---And in a ſpeech in Parliament, accompanied by a pauſe, it ſignifies I cannot now recollect what it is I wiſh to ſay farther.

I do

I do not recollect to have heard any expreſſion repeated oftener than this *never mind it!* A porter, one day, fell down, and cut his head on the pavement: "O, never mind it!" ſaid an Engliſhman who happened to be paſſing by. When I had my trunk fetched from the ſhip, in a boat, the waterman rowed among the boats, and his boy who ſtood at the head of his boat, got a ſound drubbing, becauſe the others would not let him paſs: "O never mind it!" ſaid the old one, and kept rowing on.

The Germans who have been here any time, almoſt conſtantly make uſe of angliciſms, ſuch as "es will nicht thun," it will not do, for inſtead of "es iſt nicht hinlänglich," it is not ſufficient, and many ſuch. Nay ſome even ſay, "Ich habe es nicht geminded," I did not mind it, inſtead of "ich habe mich nicht daran erranneft," "oder darangedacht," I did not recollect it, or I did not think of it.

You can immediately diſtinguiſh Engliſhmen, when they ſpeak German, by their pronundiation according to the Engliſh manner; inſtead of "Ich befinde mich wohl," they

ſay

ſay "Ich befirmich u'ohl," I am very well, the *W* being as little noticed as *u* quickly founded.

I have often heard, when directing any one in the ſtreet, the phraſe: "go down the "ſtreet, as far as ever you can go, and aſk "any body." Juſt as we ſay, "every child "can direct you."

I have already noticed in England they learn to write a much finer hand than with us. This probably ariſes from their making uſe of only one kind of writing, in which the letters are all ſo exact, that you would take it for print.

In general, in ſpeaking, reading, in their expreſſions, and in writing, they ſeem, in England, to have more decided rules than we have. The loweſt man expreſſes himſelf in proper phraſes, and he who publiſhes a book, at leaſt, writes correctly, though the matter be ever ſo ordinary. In point of ſtile, when they write, they ſeem to be all of the ſame county, profeſſion, rank, and ſtation.

The printed Engliſh ſermons are, beyond all queſtion, the beſt in the world; yet I have ſometimes heard ſad miſerable ſtuff from their pulpits.

pulpits. I have been in ſome churches where the ſermons ſeemed to have been tranſcribed or compiled from eſſays and pamphlets; and the motley compoſition, after all, very badly put together. It is ſaid that there are a few in London, by whom ſome of the Engliſh clergy are ſuppoſed to get their ſermons made for money.

London,

London, 18th July.

I write to you now for the laſt time from London; and, what is ſtill more, from St. Catherine's, one of the moſt execrable holes in all this great city, where I am obliged to ſtay, becauſe the great ſhips arrive in the Thames here, and go from hence, and we ſhall ſail as ſoon as the wind changes: this it has juſt now done; yet ſtill it ſeems we ſhall not ſail till to-morrow. To day therefore I can ſtill relate to you all the little that I have farther noticed.

On Monday morning I moved from the Freemaſons' Tavern to a publick-houſe here, of which the maſter is a German; and where all the Hambro' Captains lodge. At the Freemaſons' Tavern, the bill for eight days lodging, breakfaſt and dinner, came to one guinea and nine ſhillings, and nine pence. Breakfaſt, dinner, and coffee, were always with diſtinction, reckoned a ſhilling each. For my lodging I paid only twelve ſhillings a week; which was certainly cheap enough.

At the German's houſe here in St. Catherine's, on the contrary, every thing is more rea-

reaſonable, and you here eat, drink, and lodge, for half-a-guinea a week. Notwithſtanding, however, I would not adviſe any body, who wiſhes to ſee London, to lodge here long; for St. Catherine's is one of the moſt out of the way, and inconvenient places in the whole town.

He who lands here, firſt ſees this miſerable narrow dirty ſtreet, and this maſs of ill-built, old, ruinous houſes; and of courſe forms, at firſt ſight, no very favourable idea of this beautiful and renowned city.

From Bullſtrode-ſtreet, or Cavendiſh-ſquare, to St. Catherine's, is little leſs than half a day's journey. Nevertheleſs Mr. Schonborn has daily viſited me ſince I have lived here; and I have always walked back half way with him. This evening we took leave of each other, near St. Paul's, and this ſeparation coſt me not a few tears.

I have had a very agreeable viſit this afternoon from Mr. Hanſen, one of the Aſſiſtants to the *Zollner book for all ranks of men*, who brought me a letter from the Rev. Mr. Zollner at Berlin, and juſt arrived at London, when I was going away. He is going on buſineſs to Liverpool. I have, theſe few days

paſt, for want of better employment, walked through ſeveral parts of London that I had not before ſeen. Yeſterday I endeavoured to reach the weſt end of the town; and I walked ſeveral miles, when finding it was grown quite dark, I turned back quite tired, without having accompliſhed my end.

Nothing in London makes ſo diſguſting an appearance to a Foreigner, as the butchers' ſhops; eſpecially in the environs of the Tower. Guts and all the naſtineſs are thrown into the middle of the ſtreet, and cauſe an inſupportable ſtench.

I have forgot to deſcribe the 'Change to you; this beautiful building is a long ſquare, in the centre of which is an open area where the merchants aſſemble. All round, there are covered walks ſupported by pillars, on which the name of the different commercial nations you may wiſh to find are written up, that among the crowd of people you may be able to find each other. There are alſo ſtone benches made under the covered walks, which after a ramble from St. Catherine's, for example, hither, are very convenient to reſt yourſelf.

On the walls all kind of hand-bills are ſtuck up,

up, among others I read one of ſingular contents. A clergyman exhorted the people not to aſſent to the ſhameful Act of Parliament for the toleration of Catholics, by ſuffering their children, to their eternal ruin, to be inſtructed and educated by them; but rather to give him, an orthodox clergyman, of the Church of England, this employ, and this emolument.

In the middle of the area is a ſtone ſtatue of Charles the Second. As I ſat here on a bench and gazed on the immenſe crowds that people London, I thought, that as to mere dreſs and outward appearance theſe here did not ſeem to be materially different from our people at Berlin.

Near the 'Change is a ſhop, where, for a penny or even an halfpenny only, you may read as many newſpapers as you will. There are always a number of people about theſe ſhops, who run over the paper as they ſtand, pay their halfpenny and then go on.

Near the 'Change there is a little ſteeple with a ſet of bells, which have a charming tone, but they only chime one or two lively tunes, though, in this part of the city,

you conſtantly hear bells ringing in your ears.

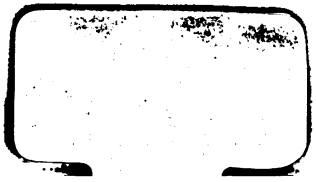
It has ſtruck me that in London there is no occaſion for any elementary works, or prints, for the inſtruction of children. One need only lead them into the city and ſhew them the things themſelves as they really are. For here it is contrived as much as poſſible, to place in view for the public inſpection, every production of art, and every effort of induſtry. Paintings, mechaniſms, curioſities of all kinds, are here exhibited in the large and light ſhop windows, in the moſt advantageous manner; nor are ſpectators wanting, who here and there, in the middle of the ſtreet, ſtand ſtill to obſerve any curious performance. Such a ſtreet ſeemed to me to reſemble a well regulated cabinet of curioſities.

But the ſquares, where the fineſt houſes are, diſdain and reject all ſuch ſhews and ornaments, which are adapted only to ſhop-keepers' houſes. The ſquares, moreover, are not nearly ſo crowded, or ſo populous, as the ſtreets and the other parts of the city. There is nearly as much difference between theſe ſquares and the Strand in London, in point of

po-

population and buſtle, as there is between Mill-bank, and Frederick's-ſtadt in Berlin.

I do not at preſent recollect any thing further, my dear friend, worth your attention, which I can now write to you, except that every thing is ready for our departure tomorrow. I paid Captain Hilkes, with whom I came over from Hambro, four guineas for my paſſage and my board in the cabin. But Captain Braunſchweig, with whom I am to return, charges me five guineas; becauſe proviſions, he ſays, are dearer in London, than at Hambro. I now have related to you all my adventures and all my hiſtory from the time that I took leave of you in the ſtreet; my voyage hither with Captain Hilkes excepted. Of this all that I think it neceſſary to mention is, that, to my great diſſatisfaction it laſted a fortnight, and three days I was ſeaſick. Of my voyage back I will give you a perſonal account. And now remember me to Bieſter, and farewell till I ſee you again.

FINIS.

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